Where The Wind Blows

Katharine Pyle

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WHERE THE WIND BLOWS

THE DWARFS, ON THEIR RETURN, TRIED IN EVERY WAY TO REVIVE SNOW-WHITE, WHEN THEY FOUND HER LYING ON THE FLOOR.

Where the Wind Blows

BEING TEN FAIRY-TALES FROM TEN NATIONS RE-TOLD

by Katharine Pyle, illustrated and embellished by Bertha Corson Dav.

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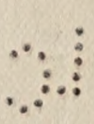

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FOREWORD

WHERE THE WIND BLOWS is not a collection of new and original fairy stories, but of old tales, gathered together from the myths and folk-lore of ten different nations, —the Japanese, Russian, Norse, German, Irish, Greek, Indian.

Each one has been chosen as being particularly typical of, or popular with, the nation it represents.

Very old these stories are; old, almost, as the wind himself, for they began to grow while the race was still in its infancy and the world was young.

Many and many a generation of little Hindoo children have listened to the wondrous tales of Vicram Maharajah, while

above them "the wind stirred in the palm trees," and from beyond the gardens sounded "the tinkling temple bells."

Far up in the Norse land sturdy little Norse boys, or perhaps the children of the great vikings of old have thrilled at the tales of Thör;—of Thör the thunderer,—Thör the playmate of giants.

And in the Emerald Isle the Irish children have listened spell-bound to their nurses' tales of the sheehogues and the bold lad Guleesh who got the better of them in spite of their fairy spells.

Little Japs with slanting eyes, Russians, brown-faced Indians, Greek and German, children of all races, in their time have listened enchanted to the tales that have grown with their people, and breathe the very life and essence of their race.

And now, to little American children, who have no folk-lore of their own, these

tales, gathered together and tied by a thread that holds them like a posy, are offered. And they are flowers that will not wither.

. . . . . .

Hark! The wind is in the chimney! Let us hear what he has to say.

K. P.

Wilmington, Delaware.

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Where the Wind Blows

BEING TEN STORIES FROM THE GREEN EARTH, RECOUNTED BY THE WIND TO HIS GRAND-MOTHER UP IN NO-MAN'S-LAND

FAR, far away, beyond where eye can see, east of the Sun and west of the Moon, is the castle where the Wind and his grandmother live.

All day long, and sometimes at night, too, while he is out about his business, the old grandam is busy around the house. She has enough and plenty to do. There are the stars to polish, and the clouds to mend and start out on their journeys across the sky; then often she must climb the thunder-tower and set the thunder balls rolling and rumbling down the steps. Yes, there is al-

ways plenty to do east of the Sun and west of the Moon.

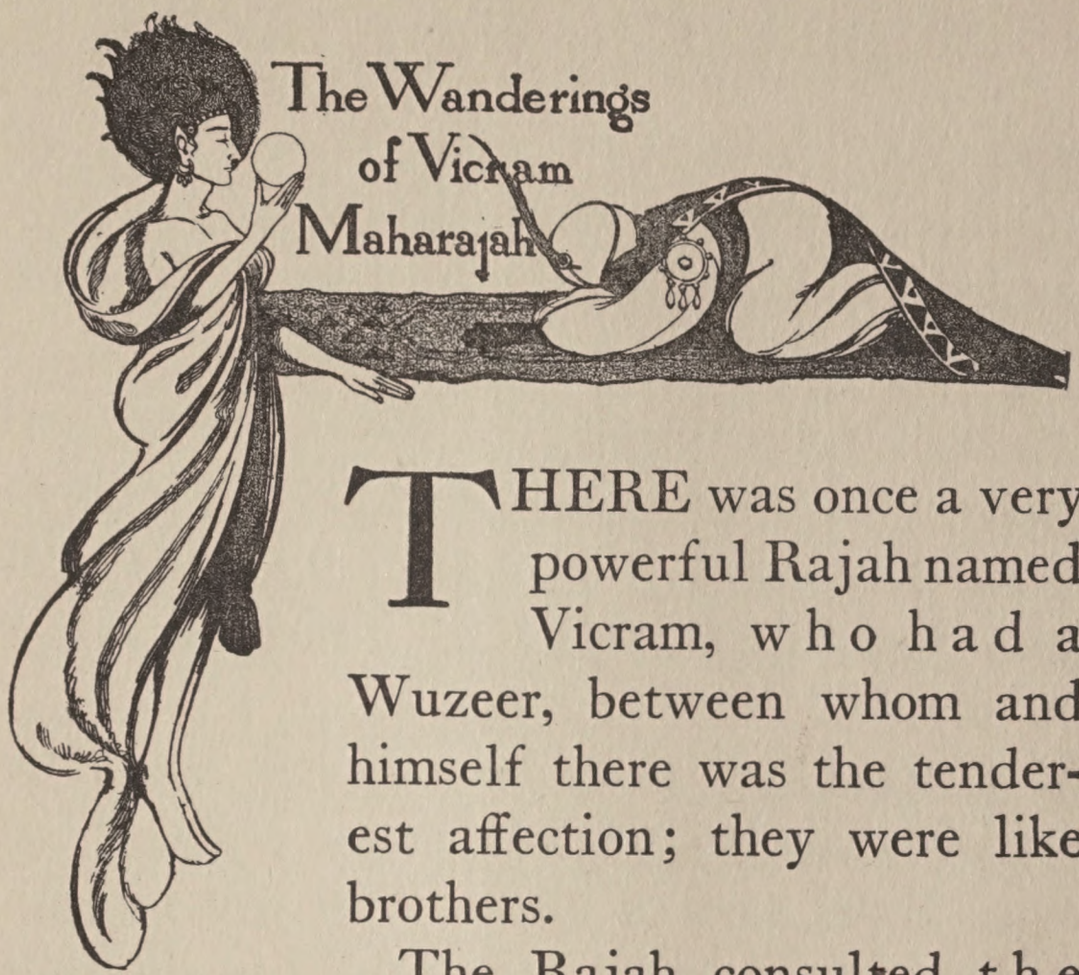
But when the Wind comes home, his great wings flapping across the sky, the grandam is ready to rest a bit. Then it is she likes to sit by the fire and toast her toes and listen to any stories that the Wind has to tell her. He brings them back with him from everywhere, east, west, north, and south, and tells them to his grandmother as they sit warming themselves over their fire in No-Man's-Land.

"Did you ever," asked the Wind of his grandmother, "did you ever hear of Rajah Vicram?"

"No," answered the grandam, "I never did."

"All the same he was a very great king down there upon the green earth," said the Wind. "So now listen, and I will tell you about the wanderings of Vicram Maharajah."

THE WANDERINGS OF VICRAM MAHARAJAH



The Wanderings of Vicram Maharajah

THERE was once a very powerful Rajah named Vicram, who had a Wuzeer, between whom and himself there was the tenderest affection; they were like brothers.

The Rajah consulted the wisdom of his Wuzeer about everything, and between them the kingdom flourished, until no other Rajah could compare with Vicram in power.

Now many years before this time, while Rajah Vicram was still a child, his father had built a temple deep in the jungle. The temple was built to the god Gunputti, and

was very beautiful. The floors were of marble, the walls were painted with colors and overlaid with gold, and in the middle was a golden image of Gunputti himself.

But the old Rajah died before Vicram had grown to be a man, and then the temple was forgotten. The jungle grew up around it, and the tigers roared at night about its walls.

When many years had passed, and Vicram Maharajah was no longer a child, the wise Butti said to him: "Do you remember the temple your father built in the jungle years ago? The prickly pears and the vines have grown up about it so thickly that no one can reach it, and very soon it will be falling into ruins. Would it not be a wise and pious act to clear the jungle away from around it so that the temple might be seen again?"

The Rajah was much pleased with this

idea, and he sent for workmen to cut the jungle away.

When this was done all were amazed to see how beautiful the temple was, and how the walls still shone as though with jewels. The Rajah especially was so pleased with it that he could hardly tear himself away, and almost every night he and Butti used to go and sleep there.

One night when they were sleeping in the temple, Vicram had a very wonderful dream.

He dreamed that his father came to him and taking him by the hand led him out to the tower of lights before the temple.

This tower of lights was a very high tower, with niches all the way up it where candles could be placed to be lighted in honor of Gunputti. Around the tower to guard it were seven hedges made of bayonets.

Rajah Vicram dreamed that when they reached this tower his father turned to him and spoke: "My son, in all the world there is nothing so worth having as wisdom, and if you can but gain the favor of Gunputti, he will teach you all things, so that in the whole world there will be none so wise as you."

Then, still in his dream, Vicram spoke and asked his father, "But how can I gain the favor of Gunputti?"

"In this way," answered his father. "You must perform some act of very great devotion. Do you see this high tower? And do you see these seven hedges of bayonets around it? To fall upon the bayonets would be instant death, but you must show Gunputti that you have faith in his power and mercy. You must hang a basket from this tower by a rope, and getting into it head downward you must twist the

rope three times and as it is untwisting cut it with a sharp sword. The basket will fall, but have no fear. Gunputti is merciful, and in some way he will surely save you from being killed upon the bayonets."

When the father had said these words, he disappeared, and Vicram Maharajah awoke. He was still lying upon the floor of the temple. The moonlight shone on the painted walls and the golden image of Gunputti, and beside him lay the Wuzeer Butti, still asleep.

Vicram awoke the Wuzeer, and told him everything that he had dreamed. "And now," said the Rajah, "what do you think I had better do?"

"My advice," answered the wise Butti, "is that you should do in all things as your father has told you, trusting that the mercy of Gunputti will not allow you to fall upon the bayonets."

This advice was as the Rajah would have had it, so the next day he caused a basket to be hung by a rope from the very top of the tower. Into this basket he got head downward, and there seemed nothing but the rope to save him from instant death.

Great crowds had gathered to see this act of devotion upon the part of the Rajah Vicram, and now stood gazing up as the basket swayed about in the air above them.

When the Rajah was in the basket he called to his Wuzeer, who had mounted the tower with him, to twist the rope three times.

Butti did as he was commanded. Then as the rope began to untwist Vicram let his sword fall upon it, so that it was cut instantly and the basket fell.

But Gunputti would not allow his worshipper to be harmed. Before the basket could touch the bayonets he took upon him-

self the shape of an old woman, and rushing out of the temple he caught the basket in his arms and set it gently upon the ground. Then immediately he vanished into the temple again.

Nobody knew that it was Gunputti; they only wondered how an old woman could have done such a feat. They hastened to look for her, but she had disappeared, for Gunputti had changed himself back into his own shape again.

After this the Rajah went every day to the temple, and Gunputti taught him all things, so that in all the world there was none so wise as Vicram.

Now near the temple there lived a carpenter; he was a clever man but very dishonest. This man heard how the Rajah went to the temple to talk with Gunputti, and wishing to learn wisdom also he followed and hid himself in the temple every

day. In this way he overheard everything that was said, and gained much learning, though this did not make him wise like the good Vicram, for wisdom is not alone from what is taught.

At last Gunputti said to the Rajah, "I have now taught you all that any man can learn. After this I shall not appear to you any more, but as a parting gift ask of me anything that you may choose;—power, or wealth, or beauty, or long life, or happiness, —whatever you ask of me, it shall be yours."

Rajah Vicram thought for awhile, but he could not decide upon what to choose, so he asked Gunputti to allow him a day to think the matter over.

To this Gunputti consented.

The Rajah returned to his palace and called Butti to him.

"Butti," he said, "Gunputti has taught me all he could, and now as a parting gift

he offers me anything I may choose: wealth, happiness, beauty, long-life or power. Of wealth and power I already have enough. I would not wish to live beyond the time of other men, nor of the other gifts do I desire more than what I already have. What, therefore, shall I choose?"

Butti thought for awhile. Then he asked, "Is there no supernatural power that you would like to possess?"

"Yes," said Vicram; "I have often wished that I might be able to have my soul and senses pass into the bodies of other men, or of birds or beasts or fishes, that I might know what they feel."

"Then ask Gunputti for that power," said the Wuzeer, "and it may be that he will grant it to you."

This advice pleased the Rajah, so when he returned to the temple the next day, he said, "Most Wise, I have now made my

choice. I would like to possess the power of having my soul and senses pass into other bodies for as long as I like, and then have them return to my own body."

"Vicram, your prayer is heard," Gunputti made answer. He then taught the Rajah how to send his soul wherever he would, and he also gave him something to put in his body when he left it, so that it would not decay, but would remain just as it was until his return.

The carpenter had been curious to know what gift Vicram Maharajah would choose, so he had once more hidden himself in the temple. Thus he too learned the spell by which one can send one's soul into other bodies, but he could not see what it was that Gunputti gave the Rajah to keep his body from decaying while he was not in it.

When Vicram returned home he told Butti that he had now gained the power

that he had wished to possess, and he longed to make a test of it immediately.

"I will tell you what to do," said Butti. "You have long been desirous to see the beautiful Anar Ranee. It is at last in your power to do this, and even to bring her here."

Now Anar Ranee was the most beautiful princess in all the world.

Her father was the king of the Pomegranate country, and so proud was he of his daughter's fame and beauty that he would give her to no one, though many kings and princes had sought her as a wife.

The king her father had made for her a wonderful garden surrounded by seven hedges of bayonets. In the middle of this garden stood a pomegranate tree bearing three large pomegranates, and in each of these pomegranates was a little bed. In one of them slept the Anar Ranee, and in

the other two slept two of her favorite maids.

Every morning early, while it was still cool, the branches of the pomegranate tree would bend softly to the earth, the pomegranates would open in the centre, and the Ranee and her maids would come out and play in the shadows of the garden. Then at night they would go back into the pomegranates to sleep.

The Pomegranate king had caused it to be published that no one should marry Anar Ranee except the hero who could pass the seven hedges of bayonets and pluck the pomegranates from the tree.

Many brave men had tried to do this, for the fame of her beauty was great, but all had died in the attempt. Many had passed the first hedge of bayonets; some the second, the third, the fourth; a few had even passed the sixth, but none had ever been

able to reach the beautiful garden where the Anar Ranee dwelt.

Rajah Vicram himself had often longed to try to pass those bayonets, but Butti had plead with him and begged him not to throw away his life, as he certainly would do if he made the attempt.

But now Butti himself was urging him to go. "For now," he said, "you may certainly, if you will, gain the lovely Anar Ranee as a wife."

"How can I do this?" asked the Rajah.

"In this way," answered Butti. "Cause your soul to pass into the body of a parrot. You can then fly over the seven hedges of bayonets, bite off the stalks of the pomegranate in which the Ranee sleeps, and bring it safely home with you in your beak."

This plan pleased the Rajah, and he caused a strong and handsome parrot to be killed and brought to him. Then, plac-

ing in his body the charm that Gunputti had given him to prevent decay, he transported his soul into the body of the bird and flew away.

On and on he went, over hills and valleys, over land and water, until he reached the country of the Pomegranate king.

Without difficulty he flew over the seven hedges of bayonets, and to the tree in the middle of the garden.

The Ranee was asleep in the pomegranate, and Vicram broke off the stem so gently that she did not even awake. Then, carrying it in his beak he flew back to his palace and caused his soul to leave the parrot's body and pass back into his own.

How amazed the Anar Ranee was upon opening her eyes to find herself in a strange palace instead of her own garden, and still more amazed to see the handsome hero who had brought her thither.

She gladly consented to be his wife, and as for Vicram, he found the Anar Ranee more lovely than anything he could have imagined; for so radiant was she that her beauty seemed to brighten all around her, as does the moon when it rises from a dark bank of clouds.

For awhile after Vicram was married, he was content to stay at home, but after a time he grew restless and ill-content.

"Of what use to me," he said to Butti, "is the wonderful power that Gunputti gave me if I stay here all the time? I love my Ranee and my people dearly, but I cannot forget that this power is mine, and I long to try it once more."

"Where do you wish to go?" asked the Wuzeer.

"I do not know, but out into the world some place."

Seeing that the Rajah's heart was set

upon adventure, Butti did not try to dissuade, nor did the Anar Ranee, for she was wise as well as beautiful.

Vicram wished to take the form of a parrot again, so for three days he waited until there could be found for him the handsomest and strongest bird possible. Then placing in his body the charm, and bidding farewell to his wife and the Wuzeer, he transported his soul into the parrot and once more flew away in search of adventures.

As soon as the Rajah's soul had left his body the news went about that he was dead, and no one knew any differently except the Ranee, the Wuzeer, and the carpenter's son; for these were the only ones who knew the magic powers of Vicram.

But the carpenter had also learned how to send his soul from one body into another, and he thought he would like to know how

it would feel to be a Rajah for awhile. So scarcely was the Vicram parrot out of sight before the carpenter caused his soul to pass into the body it had left behind.

Vicram's attendants, seeing him apparently revive, were very glad, and thought he had only swooned for awhile, but Anar Ranee and Butti were frightened; they guessed that some one else had learned the spell taught by Gunputti, and was making use of the Rajah's body.

The wise Wuzeer took Anar Ranee aside, and said to her, "It is certainly true that this is not Vicram Maharajah himself, but to make sure of it make for his dinner to-day some very coarse and common currie and serve it to him. If he complains that it is not as good as usual, it may be that it is Vicram who has suddenly returned after all. In this case you can excuse yourself, saying

it is a mistake. But if he eats and says nothing about it, then we shall know beyond a doubt that it is some one else."

Anar Ranee did as the Wuzeer advised. She made a very coarse currie and served it to the carpenter, who knew no difference, and ate it without complaint.

When she came to Butti and told him this, he looked very grave. "It is then as I feared," he said. "We must now think of some way in which to drive the strange soul away. We will not throw him into prison, because it is your husband's body, and that would be dishonoring it. But neither you nor any of the household must speak to him or have anything to do with him. Then he will begin to think that the life of the Rajah is not as pleasant as he thought, and perhaps he will return to his own body."

The Ranee and all the household fol-

lowed out in everything the advice that Butti gave, and very soon the carpenter grew very unhappy. He would have been glad enough to return to his own body, but not having had any of the magic salve to rub in it, his soul had no sooner left it than it began to decay. Then his friends, thinking him dead, burned the body.

So it was that the soul of the carpenter had no choice but to remain where it was.

Meanwhile, the true Rajah in his parrot shape had flown away and away, until just as he was growing weary he came to a large banyan tree, upon which were perched a thousand other parrots. Vicram lighted upon this tree to rest, thus making a thousand and one.

The Rajah parrot entered into conversation with the others, and finding them very friendly he determined to stay there with them for awhile. Every day he flew out

with the others to get food, and every night he returned with them to the great banyan tree to sleep.

Now it chanced a hunter often passed through that part of the jungle, and he had noticed the great flock of parrots that roosted there. "If I could but catch those parrots," he said to himself, "what a fine great dish of currie I could make; enough to feast myself and all of my friends." But the tree was so tall and straight, and the trunk so slippery that he could not climb it, though he often tried.

One day when the parrots started out the sky was dark with a storm, and before long it began to rain heavily, driving them all back to the banyan tree for shelter. When they reached there, however, they found the branches black with a thousand crows, who had also sought the tree for protection against the storm.

The Rajah Parrot said to the others, "Look! do you see that the crows are carrying seeds home in their beaks? Let us drive them away lest they should drop the seeds and the seeds grow up into vines by which the hunters may climb up into our tree."

The other parrots would not do this. "No, no," they said. "Such a thing is not likely to happen, and it would be cruel to drive the poor things out in such weather as this. Let them stay until the rain is over, and then they can go on their way."

Vicram, however, had known what he was talking about. Everything happened as he had feared. Some of the crows let fall the seeds they were carrying and these took root under the banyan tree. Soon they sprang up into strong vines that twined up about the straight smooth trunk and made it easy to climb it.

The next time the hunter came by that way, he noticed this. "Oh, ho, my pretty pollies," he thought to himself, "I have long been waiting and longing to make you into currie, and now my chance has come."

With that he hid himself until the parrots had flown away to look for food, and then climbing by means of the vines, he set a thousand and one snares of fine thread among the branches. This done he went away again.

That evening the parrots all came home to roost as usual, but no sooner had they alighted upon the branches, than they found themselves caught in the snares the hunter had set.

"Alas, alas!" they cried. "If we had but listened to you, Vicram, this would not have happened, but now this evil has come upon us, and we are all but dead parrots. Alas, alas!"

Instead of giving himself up to lamentations, however, as the others did, the Rajah Parrot set his wits to work to think how they might still escape with their lives. "Listen," said he. "If you will all do exactly as I bid you we may still be saved. When the man comes to take us, let every one hang down from the snare as though he were already dead; then the hunter will not trouble himself to wring our necks, but will throw us to the ground as we are. Let every one lie there perfectly still until the man begins to climb down the tree again, and then we will all spread our wings and fly away."

At these words of Vicram's the parrots again felt hope, and they agreed to do exactly as he bade them. So when the hunter came to the tree the next morning there were the parrots all hanging down still and seemingly dead.

"What!" said the hunter. "All dead!

That will save me the trouble of wringing your necks at any rate."

Thus saying he climbed the tree and began cutting the threads that held the parrots and throwing them down. Every parrot fell like a stone and lay perfectly still where it had fallen.

In this manner one thousand parrots were thrown to the ground, but just as the hunter was about to cut the thread that held the thousand and first parrot, who happened to be Vicram, he dropped his knife, and was obliged to descend and get it.

When the thousand parrots that lay upon the ground heard the hunter coming, they thought that all had been released, and starting up they flew away with a loud whirring of wings.

The hunter saw the trick that had been played upon him, and he was very angry. "Ah, ha, my fine parrot!" he cried to Vicram

Maharajah, "this is your doings, for you are a stranger here. But you shall pay for it. You at least shall not escape me, and to make sure of it I will wring your pretty neck immediately."

But to his surprise the strange parrot spoke to him. "Do not kill me, but take me to the next town, and there you shall sell me for a thousand gold mohurs!"

"A thousand gold mohurs!" cried the hunter. "Who would be foolish enough to give that for a parrot?"

Nevertheless he took the thread that still bound the parrot, and carried him away with him alive to the town. There he began to offer him for sale about the streets.

Several people stopped and asked him how much he wanted for his parrot, for it was very handsome, but when he said a thousand gold mohurs they laughed at him. "Who would give a thousand gold mohurs

for a parrot?" they cried. "You must be crazy!" and then they would pass on.

At last the hunter grew angry. "See," he said, "I knew how it would be. You have made a laughing-stock of me. Now I shall certainly wring your neck and make you into currie, for that is all you are good for."

"Do but wait a moment," cried Vicram. "Here comes a merchant this way. Offer me to him, for he will surely buy me."

So when the merchant came by, the hunter once more offered his parrot for sale.

"He is indeed a handsome bird," said the merchant. "What do you ask for him?"

"A thousand gold mohurs," answered the hunter.

"A thousand gold mohurs!" the merchant cried. "Surely you are out of your mind. Why with a thousand gold mohurs one could buy a house and a garden and fruit

trees, and who is going to give that for one little parrot?"

Before the hunter could answer, Vicram cried, "Buy me, merchant, buy me. I am Vicram Maharajah parrot. Give him the thousand gold mohurs; take me home and put me in your shop to talk to your customers and it will repay you well."

The merchant was very much surprised to hear the parrot speak thus. "What nonsense is this?" he said. But his fancy was pleased with the bird, so he paid the hunter what he asked and took Vicram home with him.

The merchant bought a cage and hung the parrot up in his shop. There it talked so wisely to those who came to buy that every one was amazed, and people came from far and near to listen to Vicram parrot. Indeed so many new customers were drawn to the shop that the merchant found he would

soon be twice as rich as he had been before. He was so delighted that he had a cage of pure silver made for the bird; he praised and caressed it and never took any important step without first consulting with Vicram Maharajah.

Now in this same city there lived a very beautiful Nautch girl named Champa Ranee, who danced at all the finest feasts and entertainments. No one could compare with her in grace and beauty.

There also lived in the city a poor woodcutter.

One day the woodcutter went into the jungle to cut wood, and being very tired, he fell asleep there and began to dream. He dreamed that he married the beautiful Champa Ranee, and that he gave her for a wedding present a thousand gold mohurs.

After he awoke and came back to the city,

NO ONE COULD COMPARE WITH CHAMPA RANEE IN GRACE AND BEAUTY.

he sat down to rest before the house of Champa Ranee. Then he began to tell his friends of his dream. "I dreamed that I was a very rich man, he said, and that I married Champa Ranee, and gave her a thousand gold mohurs for a wedding gift."

It chanced that while he talked thus, the Nautch girl was sitting at her window, and she overheard all that was said. "For all that man looks so poor," she thought to herself, "he must have money hidden away or he never would have dreamed such a thing." And being very avaricious she began planning how she might get his money for herself.

She waited until the woodcutter had started away and then she sent her servants after him to catch him. As soon as he was caught she ran out to him, and began crying, "Oh my dear husband! Why did you

go away and leave me? and where are the thousand gold mohurs you promised me as a wedding gift?"

When the poor man heard this he was frightened. "What do you mean?" said he; "I am not your husband, and as to promising you a thousand gold mohurs, I never had so much money in all my life."

The Nautch girl, however, would not listen to him, but began to beat her breast and tear her hair. "How can you be so cruel?" she cried. "You certainly are my husband, and you said you would give me a thousand gold mohurs which you had hidden away, but you have never given me one of them."

The neighbors did not know what to make of all this, but the Champa Ranee made so much noise that they carried her and the woodcutter to a judge that he might decide between them.

The judge, however, could no more settle it than the neighbors. The Nautch girl said one thing, and the woodcutter another, and he did not know which to believe. At last the judge referred it to the Rajah, but the Rajah was just as much puzzled as he.

Then the Wuzeer of the Rajah remembered that he had heard of a very wonderful parrot belonging to a merchant in that city; a parrot so wise that there was no question that it could not answer.

"Let us send for this bird," he said, "and perhaps he can tell us how to deal with this."

Vicram Maharajah Parrot was sent for and the whole case placed before him.

When he had heard both sides of the story he asked Champa Ranee: "Where was it that this marriage took place?"

"It was off in the jungle," answered the Nautch girl, "where he has a house, but I

could not show you the way, for he only took me there once."

"And when was it?"

"At such and such a time."

The parrot then called witnesses who proved that at the time she named, the Nautch girl had been dancing at a feast in the city.

"You see how impossible it is that he should have married you then," said Vicram Parrot. "And how do you think any one can believe that you would leave your beautiful house to follow this poor woodcutter into the jungle; or that you would have believed him if he had told you he could give you a thousand gold mohurs? No, no; your story is both false and foolish."

In spite of this, the Nautch girl insisted that her story was true. She said, however, that she would give up all claims upon the

woodcutter if he would but pay her the money he had promised.

The parrot called for a moneylender and borrowed from him a thousand gold mohurs. These he placed in a bottle and sealed securely. He then had the bottle handed to Champa Ranee. "Now take out the money," he said, "but do not break either the bottle or the seal."

"That is impossible," she answered.

"Very well; it is just as impossible that this poor man should give to you what he has not himself. Go home, Champa Ranee. You are very beautiful to look at, but your thoughts are false and evil."

When the people heard this decision, they marvelled at the wisdom of the parrot, but the Nautch girl was furious. "You shall suffer for this!" she cried. "You think yourself very wise, but I tell you that some

day you shall be in my power, and then not all your wit shall save you, for I will bite off your head."

"Do you say so?" asked Vicram. "Then listen to me. I tell you that through me you shall yet lose all your possessions; that by your own order your house shall be razed to the ground, and through rage and despair you shall kill yourself."

"Very well," cried Champa Ranee. "We shall see whose words will come true." She then went away, followed by the jeers of all the people.

Now it so happened that some time after this the only son of the merchant was to be married, and the merchant gave a great feast in his honor. He ordered that the best dancing-girl in all the city should be sent for to dance before the guests, and this dancing-girl proved to be no other than Champa Ranee.

She danced so beautifully that all the guests were charmed, and the merchant in his delight said, "Nautch girl, what shall I give you? Ask whatever you will of all my possessions and it is yours."

Then Champa Ranee cried, "Give me the parrot that hangs in your shop."

When the merchant heard that, he was very sorry and would have refused her, but every one had heard his promise. He offered her rich stuffs and gold and gems—anything she might choose if she would but leave him his parrot.

"No, no," answered the Nautch girl. "I will have the parrot and it alone."

The merchant had no choice. He was obliged to give her Vicram Maharajah, and the dancing-girl carried the bird home with her.

When Champa Ranee reached her house she caused the doors to be locked. "Ah, ha!

my clever one," she cried, "you are in my power, and now we will see which one of us will keep our word."

Then she called for a servant and put the parrot in her hands. "Here," she said, "take this bird and kill and cook it, for I will have it for my supper. But first cut off its head and bring it to me grilled, for I wish to eat it immediately."

The servant carried the parrot to the kitchen, grumbling to herself. "What an idea!" she muttered. "Who but my mistress would ever think of eating a grilled parrot's head. What absurd ideas she has."

"All the same you had better do as she tells you," said her fellow servant, "or she will have you beaten."

"That is true," answered the first, "for when our mistress is angry she does not care how much she makes others suffer." And she began to pluck out the long feathers

from the parrot's tail. All the while Vicram Maharajah let his head hang down as though he were already dead.

Presently the maid laid him down while she went away to fetch some water. Then, quick as a flash, Vicram slipped into a hole through which ran the water used in washing the dishes. He found this hole went all the way through the wall of the house. Vicram followed it and soon found himself outside. There he spread his wings and flew to a temple near by, where he hid behind the idol.

Meanwhile the maid had come back, and finding the parrot gone she was very much frightened. "What shall I do now?" she cried. "My mistress will certainly beat me."

"I will tell you what to do," said the other. "Take a chicken, grill its head and carry it to her, and cook the rest of it for

supper. She will never know the difference."

This the maid did, and when the grilled chicken's head was brought to Champa Ranee, she did not know but what it was the head of Vicram parrot. She ate it very slowly, bit by bit, saying all the while, "Ah, my pretty bird, whose words have come true? Here am I, still rich and beautiful and alive, while that wise head that planned against me only serves as a dainty morsel for me to eat before supper."

All that evening the Nautch girl was very gay, and danced and sang to herself.

It so chanced that the temple in which Vicram had taken shelter was the very one where Champa Ranee went every day to pray. She would prostrate herself before the idol, and always her prayer was for one thing; that the idol would carry her up to

heaven bodily, as she was, for she was terribly afraid of dying.

The day after Vicram had escaped, the Nautch girl came there as usual to pray, and the parrot, hidden back of the idol, heard her prayer.

When she had ended, and before she arose, he spoke to her. "Champa Ranee! Champa Ranee!" he said.

The Nautch girl thought it was the idol speaking to her, and she was so filled with awe that she did not dare to look up, though she listened eagerly.

"Your prayer is heard," the voice went on. "You shall be carried up to heaven bodily as you wish, but no one can take anything from this world to that. Before you can go, you must get rid of all your possessions."

"How shall I do that?" asked the Nautch girl.

"Give all you have to the poor; dismiss your servants, and cause your house to be razed to the ground. Then return here, and you shall receive your just reward."

The voice was silent, and Champa Ranee rose and went away, filled with joy.

She made haste to do everything the parrot had commanded. She gave away her money, she dismissed her servants, and caused her house to be pulled down. She also told every one that the idol had spoken to her and had promised to carry her up to heaven bodily.

Every one marvelled, and when all was done and she returned to the temple, a great crowd followed her to behold the miracle.

The Nautch girl then threw herself down before the idol. "I have done everything as you commanded me," she cried, "now fulfil your promise."

There was a fluttering of wings, and out

from behind the idol flew a little parrot. "I have almost fulfilled my promise," he said. "Champa Ranee, do you remember the words of Vicram? Your possessions are gone; your house razed by your own order. It was my voice you heard, and not that of the idol."

When the Nautch girl heard that, she saw what a trick had been played on her, and she was so filled with rage and despair that she fell down and dashed her head against a stone and killed herself.

Now it was a long time since Vicram Maharajah had left his own country, and some months before, Butti, fearing some harm must have come to him, had set out into the world to seek for him.

It so happened that he was among the crowds that had come to see the Nautch girl taken up to heaven.

When he heard the parrot and saw it fly

out from behind the idol he knew it immediately, and called aloud, "Vicram! Vicram Maharajah!"

Then the parrot flew down upon the Wuzeer's shoulder.

Butti would have taken him home immediately, but Vicram wished first to go and bid farewell to the merchant.

Nothing could equal the good man's wonder when he found that the handsome parrot who had talked so wisely was no other than the great Vicram Maharajah. He would have loaded the Wuzeer with rich gifts, but Butti would take nothing but the cage in which the Rajah Parrot had lived so long.

With this he journeyed back to Vicram's own country, but here they met with a great difficulty. The soul of the carpenter was still in the Rajah's body, and how to get it out, they did not know.

There was nothing to do but to wait until they could think of some plan, and meanwhile the parrot in its cage was hung in the palace, and no one but Butti and Anar Ranee knew that it was Vicram himself.

Now the false Rajah and the Wuzeer had each a fighting ram, and one day, after the return of Vicram Maharajah, Butti proposed to the carpenter that they should set their rams to fighting and see which was stronger.

To this the pretended Rajah readily agreed; but very soon he saw to his annoyance that his ram was getting the worst of the battle. To give it fresh spirit, he transferred his soul into its body.

Vicram, who was upon the watch, saw this, and instantly caused his soul to pass into his own body. Then, seizing a sword, he cut off the head of the ram with one blow.

Nothing could exceed the joy of Anar Ranee and the Wuzeer upon seeing the Rajah restored to his own true shape.

The carcass of the ram was carried away and burned, and a great feast of rejoicing was proclaimed.

So Vicram Maharajah returned to his own kingdom, and from that time lived happily, beloved by every one.

"That is a fine story," said the grandmother, "but why do you keep rustling your wings all the time?"

"I was but stretching them, for I am tired. I have come a long way and have told a long story, and now I think I will just lie down and rest a bit."

So the Wind lay down upon his bed and soon was snoring so that the roof shook. But as there was no more to hear, the old

grandam went tip-toeing about upstairs and downstairs in her loose slippers, for she always had something more to do about the house.

URASHIMA

THE Wind had come home in a bad humor. The grandam could tell that from the way he banged the door after him when he came in.

"I wish you wouldn't send so many clouds at one time," he began, the moment he was inside the house. "I'm all out of breath blowing them along, they got up in such a bank."

"Ah, I'm getting old," said the grandmother, "and I suppose that makes me care-

less at times. But sit down here, and your breath will soon come back to you."

She herself took a seat near by, with a great basket of snow that she was picking over.

As she sat there, her hands moving busily, she kept glancing at the Wind every now and then. At last she spoke in a wheedling voice.

"You needn't pretend you haven't brought home any story to-day for your poor old grandam, for I can see one looking out from back of your eyes."

"Well, if I have it's a short enough one. I had enough to do looking after all those clouds." The Wind spoke gruffly.

"Better short than none at all," said the grandmother with a sigh. "Let us hear it."

So the Wind cleared his throat and began the story of Urashima:

Many hundreds of years ago there was a

fisher lad named Urashima, who was so kind-hearted that he was talked of everywhere by his companions.

One day when Urashima was out fishing he had very bad luck; for a long time he could not catch anything. At last, however, he drew up his net and found a fine large turtle tangled in it.

Urashima was about to cut off its head, and then he began to think: "They say a turtle lives a thousand years," thought he to himself. "Suppose this one is even a hundred years old, if I do not kill it, it might live nine hundred years. That is many, many times longer than the life of a man. It would be cruel to rob the poor thing of such a long life."

So thinking, Urashima threw the creature back into the water, where it sank slowly out of sight in the green waves.

Then he turned his boat toward home.

Before he could reach the shore, however, he was quite overcome with drowsiness; his head sank forward and he fell into a deep sleep.

In his sleep the fisher lad began to dream. He dreamed a voice called, "Urashima! Urashima!" and looking around he saw rising out of the sea a woman more beautiful than any one he had ever imagined.

It was this figure that had called him.

At first Urashima was frightened, but the woman spoke to him, bidding him have no fear. She then told him that she was the daughter of the sea-god and had been sent there to test him and see whether he was in truth as good-hearted as every one said.

"For this purpose," she continued, "I took upon me the shape of a turtle and allowed myself to be caught in your net. You had caught nothing else, but rather than deprive the poor creature of the hundreds of years

that might remain to it, you started home empty-handed. My father is now satisfied, and if you wish you shall be my husband and come with me to the Island of Delight that he has prepared for us."

Urashima was so filled with joy at the idea of having this beautiful fairy for a wife, that it awoke him from his dream.

He was alone upon the sea, with only the wide waters and the great arch of sky; his boat was moving smoothly and swiftly through the waves, as though drawn by unseen hands.

On and on it went, swifter than the wind, until suddenly Urashima saw before him an island, and a gilded palace surrounded by trees that glittered in the sun.

The boat ran up smoothly upon a beach, and there awaiting him stood the beautiful woman whom he had seen in his dream.

Knowing her to be the daughter of the

water god, Urashima would have fallen down before her; but she took him by the hand, and, speaking to him kindly, led him up under the jewelled branches of the trees to the golden castle.

Here a magnificent feast was already prepared for them. There was a sound of music, and the poor fisher lad was seated in the place of honor, while the beautiful fairy herself waited upon him, and fanned him as he sat.

Many servants moved noiselessly to and fro. They were magnificently dressed, but it seemed to Urashima that they were no more nor less than fishes, crabs, turtles, and other water things.

After the feast the lady again asked him whether he were willing to be her husband, and he said, yes.

So they were married, and after that the fisher lad lived on the island and saw no one

but his wife and the strange servants. The time did not seem long, however, for there were feasts and various entertainments. They bathed in the still clear waters from the beaches of the island, and walked under the trees loaded with jewelled fruit.

But at the end of three years, Urashima began to long to see his own land once more, and his father and the lads with whom he had played as a boy.

This longing grew stronger and stronger until all his cheerfulness left him. One day his wife said to him:

"Tell me, Urashima, why are you so sad? Have you not everything here that your heart could wish?"

Then he answered her, "Your father has indeed been most generous in giving me this beautiful island and all it contains, but yet I think and think of my home and long to see it. If I could but see it once more then

I would be content to live here forever after."

At this his wife began to weep. "If I let you go," she said, "I will never see you again; I feel that you will never return to me."

"How can you say that?" answered Urashima. "I have never been so happy in all my life as I have been here. Only let me go, and I will certainly return in three days' time."

The water god's daughter could refuse him nothing, so at last she consented that he should go. She led him down to the water and showed him where his boat lay. As Urashima stepped into it, his wife handed him a beautiful lacquered box tied with silk.

"Take this with you, my beloved," she said; "as long as you keep it safely no harm can come to you; but, whatever happens, do not open it, or I shall never see you again."

"TAKE THIS BOX WITH YOU, MY BELOVED, BUT, WHATEVER HAPPENS, DO NOT OPEN IT."

Urashima took the box and promised to obey her. Then invisible hands seemed to seize the boat by the keel, and away it sped through the water, smoothly, and swifter than the wind.

Soon Urashima saw before him his own land. He saw the shore and the beach where he had played as a boy, but there was a strange look about it all which he could not understand.

He landed and gazed about him. Everything was different; the houses, the trees, the people he saw,—there was not one familiar face. He hurried on toward the place where his home had stood, but the spot was bare and deserted; no signs that any building had ever been there.

Seeing an old, old man coming toward him, Urashima went to meet him.

"Tell me," said he, "where is the house that used to stand here, the house of

Urashima? And what has become of Urashima's father?"

The old man stared.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "What are you talking about? As long as I remember there has been no house here. I remember my old grandfather used to tell of a hut that once stood here, and belonged to a man whose son was named Urashima. But the lad was lost in his boat at sea and never seen again. All that, however, happened long, long since; three hundred years ago. I do not suppose any one even remembers hearing of him except myself, for I am very old."

When Urashima heard this, he began to understand what had happened. He had been living in an enchanted island, and instead of its having been only three years it was three hundred years that he had been

away; every one whom he had known had died long ago.

Urashima felt so frightened that he rushed away to the seashore where he had left his boat. But he did not know what to do. He was bewildered. He did not know how he was to get back to the enchanted island.

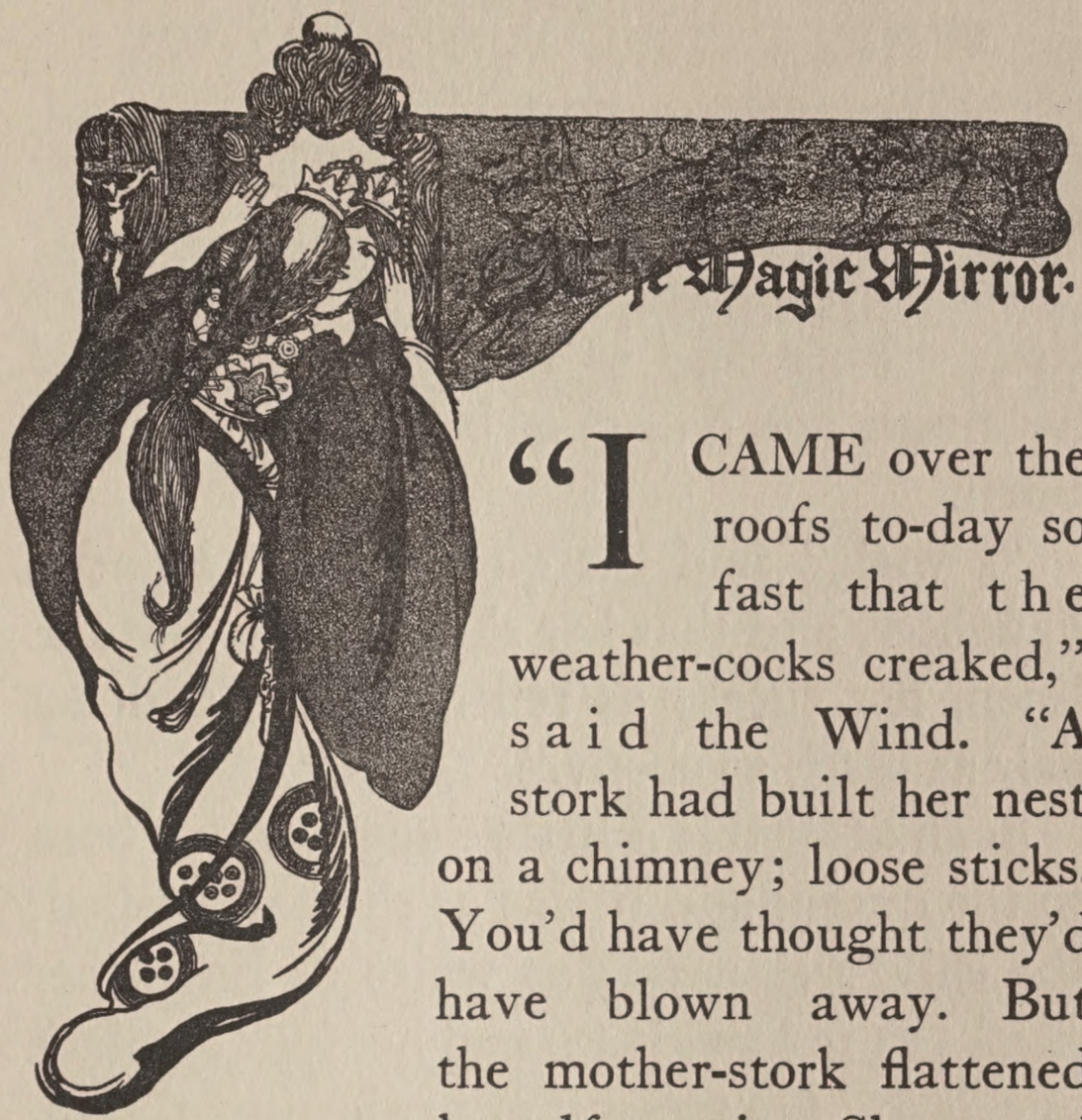
Then he saw the lacquered box which he still held, and in his bewilderment he thought there might be something in it that would help him. He slipped off the silk that tied it and opened the lid. As soon as he did so, a white mist rushed out of the box; it spread above his head and then gathered together into a small cloud and floated off across the sea. It was the youth of Urashima.

Immediately he began to grow old. His hair became thin and white; his face fell together in wrinkles; his eyes grew dim.

He was no longer a youth but an old, old man. Then, with a quavering cry he fell forward upon the sand beside the box. Urashima was dead.

So that was the end of the story and short enough it was, but not another word would the Wind tell. He had not yet gotten back his temper, even if he had his breath.

THE MAGIC MIRROR



The Magic Mirror.

"I CAME over the roofs to-day so fast that the weather-cocks creaked," said the Wind. "A stork had built her nest on a chimney; loose sticks. You'd have thought they'd have blown away. But the mother-stork flattened herself over it. She spread out her wings and sheltered it safe.

"They were telling stories down in the nursery below. I made myself little and slipped through the chink of the window to listen. I knew you'd want me to have

something to tell you when I got home, and this is what I heard:"

Once upon a time a queen sat in an ebony chair sewing, and as she sewed she pricked her finger and a drop of blood fell upon the linen.

"I wish," said the queen, "that I had a daughter, and that her skin was as white as linen, her cheeks as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony."

Soon after this a little daughter was born to the queen, and it was as she had wished; the child's skin was as white as linen, her cheeks as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony. On account of her beautiful skin, the little one was named Snow White; but soon after she was born, the mother died.

Before long the king married again, and the new queen was so beautiful that no one in the world could compare with her.

She had a mirror that she prized above all

her possessions, for it was a magic mirror and knew everything, and when the queen questioned it, it would answer. Every day she sat before it, brushing and braiding her long hair. Then before she left the room she would say:

"Shining mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

And the mirror would answer:

"Oh lovely queen, thou art so fair
That no one can with thee compare."

Then the queen would be content.

But as Snow White grew older she grew lovelier and lovelier until the stepmother was frightened at her beauty.

One time the queen was dressing for a great ball, and when the last jewel was clasped and the last flower in place, she stepped before the mirror and asked as usual:

"Shining mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

Then the mirror made answer:

"Oh queen, as lovely as you are,
The maid Snow White is fairer far."

When the queen heard this it was as though something hot had struck through her heart. After that she had no rest nor peace for thinking of Snow White's beauty. At last she could bear it no longer. She sent for a huntsman and bade him take the girl into the forest and kill her, and to bring back her heart as a sign that she was really dead.

But the huntsman had a good heart. He could not do such a deed. He led the maiden far away and deep into the forest, and there he told her all that the queen had bade him do. Snow White when she heard began to weep and tremble, but the hunts-

man said: "Do not be afraid. Not a drop of your blood shall be shed. I will shoot a young deer, taking its heart to the queen and telling her it is yours. Then she will think you are dead. But go you whereso-ever you will, only do not let her ever see or hear of you again."

Snow White promised to obey this, and then, weeping bitterly, she ran away into the forest. She ran on and on, further than she had ever been before. Just as she was quite exhausted, she saw before her a little house. She crept to it and knocked, but no one answered her. Then she pushed the door open and looked inside.

Within was a pleasant room with a fire burning brightly. Seven little chairs were set around a table and on it stood seven bowls of steaming broth; but there was no one to be seen.

Snow White stepped inside, thinking it

would be no harm to sit down on one of the chairs and rest a bit. Just as she seated herself, however, she heard footsteps approaching. She felt frightened and jumped up and ran over to a closet, in which she hid.

Scarcely was she out of sight when the seven dwarfs to whom the house belonged came in. They looked about the room and one of them said:

"Someone has been here while we were away. See how the chairs are drawn about."

"Yes, that is true," said another, "and as we met nobody in the forest, whoever it was must still be here."

The dwarfs began hunting about, and presently they opened the door of the closet where Snow White was hiding. When they saw her they wondered at her beauty, and asked her who she was and whence she had come.

"My name is Snow White," answered the maiden, "and my father is a king." Then she told them all her story: how her cruel stepmother had tried to destroy her, and how the huntsman had granted her her life and had sent her away into the forest.

The dwarfs listened, and as they saw how gentle and sweet she was they marvelled that any one could have had the heart to plan evil against her.

After she had ended her story the eldest dwarf looked around at the others. They all nodded their heads. Then he asked her to stay there with them and keep their house in order.

"If you will do this," he said, "we will be your faithful servants, and you shall be our mistress, and whatever you command shall be done."

Snow White thanked the dwarfs gratefully, and was very glad to think she might

stay there with them in their little house. So for a long time she lived there, and the dwarfs loved her and were so proud of her beauty that they thought nothing good enough for her.

Meanwhile the wicked stepmother was in great content, for after the huntsman returned bringing her the heart, she was sure Snow White was dead, and she knew well that the maiden was the only one who could compare with her in beauty. So sure was she of this that she never even thought of speaking with her mirror.

But one day, when she had been dressing herself before it, she idly asked:

"Shining mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

Then the mirror answered:

"Oh queen, as lovely as you are,
The maid Snow White is fairer far.

The dwarfs her beauty safely keep
Within the forest green and deep."

When the queen heard this she turned as pale as ashes. She said nothing to any one, however, but she set to work and stained her face brown and put on the dress of a poor woman. On her arm she took a basket filled with pins and beads and laces and other things, and thus she set out into the forest.

She walked on and on, and after awhile she came to the dwarf's house (for her magic taught her which way to go). There was Snow White herself standing in the doorway, with her eyes as bright as stars and her cheeks as red as blood.

"Good-day, my pretty bird," said the wicked queen. "Will you not buy something from me?"

"What have you for sale, good mother?" responded Snow White; for she did not

recognize the queen under her disguise.

Then the queen showed her one thing after another.

At last she held up some silken laces.

"Here is something," she said, "that is worth having. Do but let me lace you up, and you will see how fine you look."

To this Snow White consented, for she feared no evil.

The stepmother began to lace her up. Then suddenly she drew the silken cords so tightly that Snow White could not breathe. The color left her face, and she fell upon the floor as though she was dead. The queen stood looking at her with an evil smile.

"Yes, there you lie," she said, "and Snow White you are indeed; too white to be the fairest of us all." Then she turned and went away, leaving the poor girl where she lay.

After she had been gone some time, the dwarfs came home. Great was their grief to find their dear Snow White lying there apparently dead. They began to chafe her hands and feet, and one of them cut the laces of her stays. As soon as he did that, Snow White began to breathe; the color returned to her cheeks, and she raised herself.

The dwarfs were filled with joy at seeing her revive, and began to question her as to how she came to be in a swoon.

As soon as she told them her story, they knew that the woman who had done this ill turn must have been the wicked stepmother. They warned Snow White that she must never again let anyone into the house while they were away.

But the queen had hastened back to the palace well pleased with what she had done. She felt sure that now the maiden was in-

deed dead, and that she was once more beautiful beyond compare.

But when she stood before her mirror, and asked it:

"Shining mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

the mirror made answer:

"Oh, queen, as lovely as you are,
The maid Snow White is fairer far.

Within the forest dark and deep,
The dwarfs her beauty safely keep."

When the queen heard that, she was like to swoon. "Can I never rid myself of the girl?" she muttered. "Once more I will try, and this time she shall not escape me."

And now she disguised herself again so that no one would ever have known her, and took her way through the forest to the dwarfs' house. When she reached there she found the door closed. So she knocked.

Then Snow White looked from the window.

"You must go further, good mother," she said. "I am forbidden to open the door or to let any one in."

The old woman (as she seemed to be), sighed.

"Is this true?" she asked. "Then I will but sit down on your doorstep to rest, for I have come far."

"Rest yourself and welcome," said Snow White. "But what have you in your pack?" For she was curious, and she never saw any one there in the forest except the dwarfs.

"Oh, I have many things," answered the queen, and she began to take out one thing after another, holding them up for the girl to see. At last she took out a golden comb, very beautifully wrought. It was a poisoned comb, though this Snow White could not know.

When the girl saw the comb she thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in all her life.

"Ah, yes," sighed the queen, "but if you would but let me twist up your hair with the comb, then you would see how beautiful it is."

Then the maiden forgot the warnings of the dwarfs, and, opening the door, she allowed the stepmother to come in.

The queen began to twist up the girl's hair, but suddenly she stuck the poisoned comb into Snow White's head, so that she fell down as though dead.

The stepmother stood looking at her for a moment.

"Twice you have escaped me, Snow White," she whispered, "but this time the dwarfs may try to help you in vain." Then she hastened back the way she had come to the castle.

When the dwarfs came home how great was their grief to find their dear Snow White once more lying on the floor as pale as death. They chafed her hands; they cut her laces, but all to no avail. Then one of them, with sharper eyes than the rest, saw the comb amidst her jet black hair. He drew it out, and immediately she began to revive.

When she was herself again, they reproached her with having forgotten their advice. Snow White acknowledged her wrongdoing, and promised that she would not again forget their advice. Still the dwarfs were very anxious, for they knew now how bitterly the stepmother hated her. They also told her she must not buy anything again, whoever might offer it.

When the queen reached her castle, she went directly to her magic mirror.

"Shining mirror on the wall,
Who now is fairest of us all?"

she demanded. She had thought the mirror would say she was the fairest, but instead it made answer:

"Oh, queen, as lovely as you are,
The maid Snow White is fairer far.

The dwarfs her beauty safely keep
Within the forest green and deep."

When the queen heard this, she felt as though her heart would burst.

"What! does she still live?" she whispered between her teeth. "This time I will see to it that nothing can save her."

Then she took some paste and made of it a most beautiful apple; one side was white and one side was red. The white side might safely be eaten and no harm come of it, but the red side was poisoned so that no one might eat of it and live. After that the queen disguised herself as an apple-woman

and taking a basket on her arm she started out into the forest.

She went on and on until she came to the dwarf's house, and then she began crying her fruit.

"Apples! Apples fine and sweet!
Juicy apples! Buy and eat.

Best and ripest fruit I cry,
Pretty maidens come and buy!"

At this Snow White, who had heard her voice, appeared at the window.

"You must go further, my good woman," she said to the queen. "There is no one here to buy your fruit."

"Is that the case?" asked the stepmother. "Then it is a great pity. Only look how fine my apples are."

So saying she took off the cover from her basket. When Snow White saw the fruit

her mouth watered, but she remembered the advice of the dwarfs.

"All the same, I must not buy," she said, "for I have been forbidden to, and the door is locked."

"Then because I have come so far, and for the love of your pretty face, I will give you one;" and as she spoke the queen took the poisoned apple from her basket and held it up to Snow White. The girl longed for it greatly, but still she refused, for she remembered all the dwarfs had said.

"What do you fear?" asked the queen. "See I will eat part of it and you shall have the rest." Then she ate a piece from the white side, and the red part—the poisoned part—she held up for Snow White to take. The maiden could resist no longer. She took the apple and bit a piece from the red part. But when she tried to swallow it, it stuck in her throat and she fell down, seem-

ingly dead. The queen looked in through the window with an evil smile.

"So my beauty, not all the good advice could save you," she said. "This time the dwarfs may try in vain to help you."

Then she hurried back through the forest to her castle. Straight to her magic mirror she went and asked it:

"Shining mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

The mirror made answer:

"Thou art the fairest, lovely queen."

When she heard that her heart swelled with joy, for now she was assured that Snow White was dead.

When the dwarfs returned home and found Snow White lying there cold and senseless for the third time, they tried everything they could to help her. They cut her

laces and let down her beautiful black hair, but nothing did any good. Then they were obliged to believe that this time the dear maiden was really dead.

However, the color did not leave Snow White's cheeks, and she looked so beautiful that they could not make up their minds to bury her. Instead they made a glass chest and put her in it, so that they could always see her, and upon the lid they wrote her name in golden letters.

One day a young king came riding past the dwarfs' house, and there he saw the glass box with Snow White lying in it. As soon as his eyes fell upon the maiden, his heart melted within him because of her beauty. He began to beg and plead with the dwarfs to give her to him.

For a long time they refused, but at last when they saw how dearly he loved her, they

had pity on him, and gave him the crystal casket with Snow White in it.

The young king bade some of his attendants raise it upon their shoulders and carry it, and he himself rode close beside them as they walked, so that he could keep his eyes upon Snow White's face as it showed through the glass.

They had travelled in this way for some distance toward the king's castle when one of the men stumbled; this jarred the casket so that the piece of apple was loosened from the maiden's throat and she could breathe. Then to the joy and astonishment of the young king, he saw her eyes open and gaze at him with wonder.

Instantly he commanded the attendants to place the crystal box upon the ground. Raising the lid he took Snow White by the hands and lifted her to her feet.

The maiden looked about her wonderingly.

"Where am I, and how came I here?" she asked.

Then the young king told her everything that had happened since the dwarfs found her stretched senseless upon the floor; he told it just as they had related it to him. He also told her how, from the time he first saw her, his heart had been filled with love for her, and he asked her if she would be his queen.

Then blushing red the maiden placed her hand in his and promised that she would be his.

Filled with joy, the king carried her home, and preparations were immediately made for a most magnificent wedding. Many kings and queens and great people were asked, and among others Snow White's father and her stepmother.

The wicked queen dressed herself with

the greatest magnificence for the marriage feast. When at last she was all ready to start, she stepped before the magic mirror. There she stood gazing and smiling at her own beauty. At last she asked it:

"Shining mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

Then the mirror made answer:

"Oh, queen, as lovely as you are,
The young king's bride is fairer far."

When the stepmother heard that she could hardly breathe, and her face turned all colors. However, she got into her coach and drove away to the wedding, for she felt she must see the beautiful bride who was lovelier than she. But when she went in and stood face to face with the bride and saw it was no other than Snow White herself, it was more than she could bear. Her heart quite burst with envy and terror, so

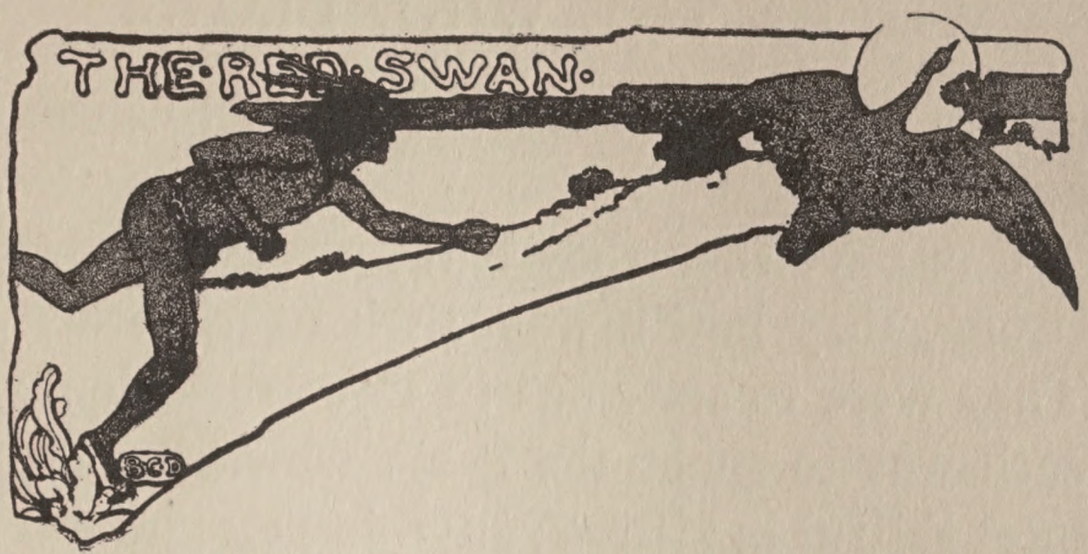
that she fell down dead at the bride's feet.

But Snow White married the king and lived in great peace and happiness ever after, often visited by her faithful friends, the dwarfs of the wood.

"Now that is the way a story should end," cried the old grandmother. "Nobody dying but the wicked one. That's better than the end of Urashima; and a longer story too."

"Ah well, many stories, many endings," said the Wind, "and you must take them as they come, granny, though I try my best to please you."

THE RED SWAN



"I WILL tell you a story of the West," said the Wind to his grandmother. "Did I ever tell you of the Indian youth Odjibwa and the Red Swan?"

No, that was a new tale to the grandam, so the Wind began:

There were once three brothers who were left all alone by the death of their father and mother.

They lived deep in the forest away from any tribe; never had even seen a human being except themselves. However, they managed to get along; they made bows and

arrows and taught themselves how to shoot and fish.

One day when they had grown tall and strong, they laid a wager with each other. They were to start out in three directions; each was to shoot the game which he was most skilful in killing; anything else he was not to shoot. They would see which would bring something home first.

They turned their backs on each other and started walking.

Odjibwa, the youngest, went toward the West, the land of the setting sun. Before long he saw a bear. It was coming straight toward him. This was not the game which, by the agreement, he was to kill, but he drew his bow and shot. The arrow pierced the bear and it fell dead.

Odjibwa hastened to the animal and began to skin it. Then everything turned red as blood around him. He thought it must

be his eyes, and rubbed them; still all the air seemed red.

At the same time he heard a voice singing. It sounded from a lake not far away.

Odjibwa left the bear and stole through the bushes toward the lake. When he reached its edge, he saw a Red Swan floating about on it and singing. Such a thing he had never seen before.

He wished to have the bird, so he drew an arrow from his quiver and shot. The arrow flew straight. It struck the swan in the breast, but bounded back without harming it, and the swan still sang. Odjibwa shot again and again, but the swan paid no attention to the arrows.

Suddenly the youth remembered three magic arrows that were in his father's medicine sack. It seemed wrong to dream of taking them. Still he wished greatly to get the swan.

He ran home, opened the sack and took out the arrows, thinking he would tell his brothers of it afterward.

When he ran back to the lake, the swan was still there.

He fitted the first magic arrow to his bow, and shot, but it fell to the right of the bird. The next arrow fell to the left of it. He had now only one left. This one he aimed with the greatest care before he let it go. It flew and pierced the swan right through the neck.

The bird was not killed, however. It rose with the arrow still sticking in it, and flew away toward the West.

Odjibwa waded into the lake and gathered up the other two magic arrows. He put them in his quiver, and then returning to land, set out running in the direction in which the swan had flown. He was sure it must soon fall to the earth; expected to find

THE LAST ARROW ODJIBWA AIMED WITH THE GREATEST CARE BEFORE HE LET IT GO.

it every moment. Still he saw nothing:

Odjibwa could run very fast; so fast that when he shot an arrow ahead of him, and ran at full speed, the arrow would fall behind him.

Toward dusk he heard a watchman (Mudjee-Koko-koho) calling "We are visited." The next moment he came within sight of a large village. A great crowd of people came out to meet him. Odjibwa had never seen anybody but his two brothers before.

They took him to the lodge of the chief. There he was treated with great respect, pointed to a seat, and something given him to eat. As he was a stranger, very few questions were asked him.

Odjibwa was hungry. He ate in silence. Then he asked them whether a Red Swan had passed that way, flying over their village. They said it had.

"At what time?" Odjibwa questioned.

"When the sun was between midday and its falling place," answered the chief. "Too long ago for you to catch it. Rest here for the night and to-morrow you can go on your way." Then turning to his daughter he said, "Do you take our son-in-law's moccasins; mend them, and hang them up."

Odjibwa thought it strange that he should be married to the girl in this way, without being asked anything about it. Still, she was very pretty, and he said nothing.

The girl took his moccasins, but she scowled and looked so unwilling that he snatched them from her; hung them up himself.

Then he lay down, thinking of the Red Swan, and meaning to start the first thing in the morning.

Early the next day, before dawning, he

touched the girl on the shoulder. "Which way went the Red Swan?" he asked.

Without speaking, the girl pointed toward the West.

Odjibwa slipped on his moccasins and started out. He ran on and on. Thinking he might have lost some of his swiftness, he fitted an arrow in his bow and shot it ahead of him. Then he ran in the same direction; went so fast that the arrow fell behind him. That satisfied him.

Still he saw nothing of the Red Swan.

Toward twilight he heard a watchman crying, "A stranger approaches," and came within sight of a second village.

He was conducted to the lodge of the chief. Food was set out for him. "Sit there," said the chief, and he pointed to a seat beside his daughter. She was a very pretty girl; she laughed and jumped up and ran away; hid herself in a corner.

"Come and wait upon our son-in-law," said the chief. Then she came out from the corner, but she kept laughing all the time.

Odjibwa thought it strange he should be married in this way, without his wishing it, but he said nothing.

After he had eaten, he asked whether the Red Swan had passed that way.

"It flew over the village yesterday at sunset," answered the chief; "too long ago for you to catch up with it."

Odjibwa said nothing further. He took off his moccasins and hung them up, but he intended to follow the swan as soon as it was light.

Very early the next morning he touched the girl and woke her. "Which way was it the swan was flying?" he asked.

The girl looked at him sadly, and pointed toward the West. "Do you think you can overtake it?" she asked.

"I shall try," he answered

He set out running. After a time, fearing he might not be running as fast as he did, he took an arrow and shot it ahead of him. Then he ran in the same direction. The arrow fell behind him. Odjibwa was content, and hastened on.

Toward the end of the day he came to a solitary lodge.

He went toward it, but before he could enter a voice said, "Come in, my son."

He entered. There sat an old man. He did not look at Odjibwa, but told him to sit down. Then he said, "My pot stands by the fire." Immediately an earthernware pot came out from a corner of the lodge, and placed itself before the fire. At that, Odjibwa knew his host must be a magician.

The old man took one whortleberry and one grain of corn and put them in the pot. Odjibwa, who was very hungry, thought

this was not much of a meal. Still he said nothing.

The water began to boil in the pot. After a time the old man said, "My pot stands back from the fire." Then the pot moved back as he said. "Help yourself, my son," said the magician.

The youth looked in the pot. It was full. He took down a dish and ladle. He was so hungry that he helped himself to all that was in the pot. When he had finished, the old man said the second time, "Help yourself, my son." Odjibwa looked in the pot. It was again full. He again took all there was in it. He did this several times, until his hunger was satisfied; always the pot was full.

When he had had all he wished, the magician said, "My pot stands in the corner." Immediately the pot removed itself to the corner of the lodge whence it had come.

The old man began to talk with Odjibwa; told him he knew why he was there. "It depends on your guardian spirits," he said; "if they are powerful, you will find the Red Swan in the end. You are going in the right direction, but you have still far to go."

Odjibwa felt encouraged. He hung up his moccasins, and spent the night in the lodge with the old man. The next morning, he set out again, still in the same direction.

At nightfall he saw a light shining out from a lodge. As he approached it, a voice called, "Come in, my son." There beside the fire sat an old man; older even than the other magician.

Odjibwa entered and the old man bade him be seated. Presently he said, "My pot stands by the fire." Out from a dark corner came a pot. It seemed to dance along. It stood itself by the fire. Od-

jibwa, who was very hungry, wondered when the supper would be put in to cook.

After a time the old man said, "My pot is full; help yourself, my son."

The youth looked in the pot. It was full. He helped himself; ate till he was satisfied. Then the magician said, "My pot stands in the corner;" immediately the pot danced back to the corner where it stood quietly.

The old man then told Odjibwa that he knew why he was there. To go on as he had begun, and he might succeed in making the Red Swan his own, but he had still far to go.

That night the youth rested with the magician, and the next day he started out, following the course of the Red Swan.

Toward dark he reached another lodge. As he came near it, he heard a voice calling, "Come in, come in, my son." He entered. There sat an old man, older than either of

the others; looked as though he might be their grandfather.

"Seat yourself, my son," he said. Scarcely was Odjibwa seated when a pot came whirling out from a corner of the lodge, set itself down by the fire with a bump and began boiling and bubbling away.

After a time the old man said, "My pot is full. Eat, my son."

Odjibwa looked in the pot and found it was so. He helped himself and made a hearty supper.

As soon as he had finished, and before the magician could speak, the pot whirled away to its corner again.

When all was quiet, the old man began to address Odjibwa. "I know why you are here," he said, "and your errand is a dangerous one; very difficult. The Red Swan that you are following is the sister of a great magician.

"This magician once wore a cap of wampum, in which was much of his magic. But a great chief sent messengers to him one time, saying his daughter was ill; nothing could cure her but a sight of that cap. For a long time the magician would not let them have it. At last he took it off and gave it to them, but his scalp came off with it. They were to return it as soon as the girl had seen it, for his head was left raw and bloody till the cap was restored.

"But the chief had only wished to gain possession of the cap. He was jealous of the magician's power. He now keeps the scalp in his village on a pole, exposed to the insults of all his tribe. At every insult the magician groans with pain.

"Many warriors," the old man continued, "have tried to regain the scalp for the sake of the Red Swan, but so far they have only

perished in the attempt. But you may be the one to succeed."

He then warned Odjibwa that when he reached the lodge of the magician he would be asked to tell all his dreams. This he must be careful to do, for it would depend on his dreams whether he would be able to succeed.

Odjibwa listened to the old man with great attention. He promised to follow his directions exactly.

Early the next morning he set out running, and before evening he saw a lodge. Long before he reached it he heard some one groaning inside. "Come in, come in," called a voice. Odjibwa entered. There sat an old man with head in his hands. He was groaning terribly. "Sit down, sit down," he said.

The youth sat down in silence. After a

time the magician said, "You see I am all alone here. No one to attend to my wants. But tell me what are your dreams?"

Odjibwa had noticed that one part of the lodge was shut off from the rest, and every now and then he heard a rustling from it. However, he said nothing; he began to tell his dreams. At every one the old man began to groan. "No, no," he would say, "that is not it."

The young man grew angry; thought he would not tell any more. "Have you had no other dreams?" asked the magician. "Any of a different kind?"

"I have had one more," said Odjibwa and he began to tell it.

"That is it!" cried the magician joyfully. "That is it." Then he seized his head in his hands and began to groan. "Oh how they are insulting my poor scalp," he cried.

Odjibwa was eager to set off after the cap.

"Yes, go, go," said the magician. "It may be you will succeed, for no one else ever had a dream that came so near it as yours."

He then told Odjibwa in what direction he must go to reach the village of the enemy, and the young man set out as he was directed.

He went along for some distance, until he heard a humming noise. After he had listened awhile he made out that it was the noise of a great crowd of people shouting and yelling.

He then changed himself into a hawk and flew in that direction.

Soon he came to a village and there was a great crowd. In the middle was a tall pole upon which hung a bloody scalp. The people were dancing the war dance about it, throwing things at it, and insulting it.

After watching them for a few moments,

Odjibwa changed himself into a piece of thistledown and floated to the scalp. No one noticed him.

He untied the scalp and tried to float off with it. It was almost too heavy. It carried him down until he was almost within reach of the people.

They shouted aloud, trying to catch it. "It is taken from us! It is taken from us!" they cried.

But a wind came, lifting Odjibwa and his prize out of their reach. Then he turned himself into a hawk again, and holding the scalp in his beak flew back toward the magician's lodge.

The magician was so eager for his arrival that he was leaning half out of the lodge.

When quite near him Odjibwa took upon him his real shape. Running toward the old man, he clapped the scalp upon the bloody head with such force that it knocked

the magician back insensible. For a while Odjibwa was afraid he had killed the old man but presently he began to revive.

What was Odjibwa's amazement to see him no longer an old man, but a young man, very handsome and dignified.

"Thank you, my brother," he said. "You see how your bravery has broken the charm, and restored me to my own true shape."

He then begged Odjibwa to stay there with him for a few days. This the youth did. All the while he was there, his thoughts were filled with the Red Swan, but as the young magician never spoke of her, he did not mention her either.

At last, the morning when he was going away, his host said: "I know why you came here; that it was in search of the Red Swan. You have not spoken of it, but I have known what was in your mind."

He then stepped to the other side of the lodge, that had remained shut off all these days. He drew aside a hanging and there stood the Red Swan. She was the most beautiful woman that ever was seen. She lit up all the lodge with a rosy glow. "Take her," said the magician; "she is my sister, and she is very ready to go with you."

He then loaded Odjibwa with gifts of robes and wampum and belts—enough to make him rich all his life.

After that they parted, Odjibwa taking his way homeward, followed by the Red Swan.

On the way they rested with the magicians, eating from their magic pots.

When they reached the second village at which Odjibwa had stayed, they were met and escorted to the lodge of the chief. The young man and the Red Swan were asked to sit down. Food was set before them.

Before eating, however, the young man opened one of his bags and presented gifts to all the principal men.

After they had eaten, and the young man had smoked with the chief, he was asked to relate his adventures.

This he did while all listened. When he ended, the chief told him that some time before, his brothers had come to the village in search of him. They merely asked for news of him, however, and then returned. "You are so strong and brave," said the chief, "you shall take my daughter along with you."

To this Odjibwa consented, saying he would give her to one of his brothers for a wife.

Before this the girl had looked very sad, glancing from Odjibwa to the Red Swan, but now she brightened up; began to laugh.

When they departed, many of the war-

riors accompanied them to the edge of the next village.

Here they were also received with much respect. Odjibwa presented the chief with gifts, and in return he gave the young man his daughter, as a wife for his other brother.

Odjibwa and the Red Swan spent the night there, and departed the next morning, taking the two girls with them, and accompanied by a great crowd.

After travelling for some days, Odjibwa and the others reached his own lodge; he found it all dirty and covered with ashes. His brothers thinking him dead, had blackened their faces, and were mourning for him.

When they saw him alive and well, they could hardly believe it.

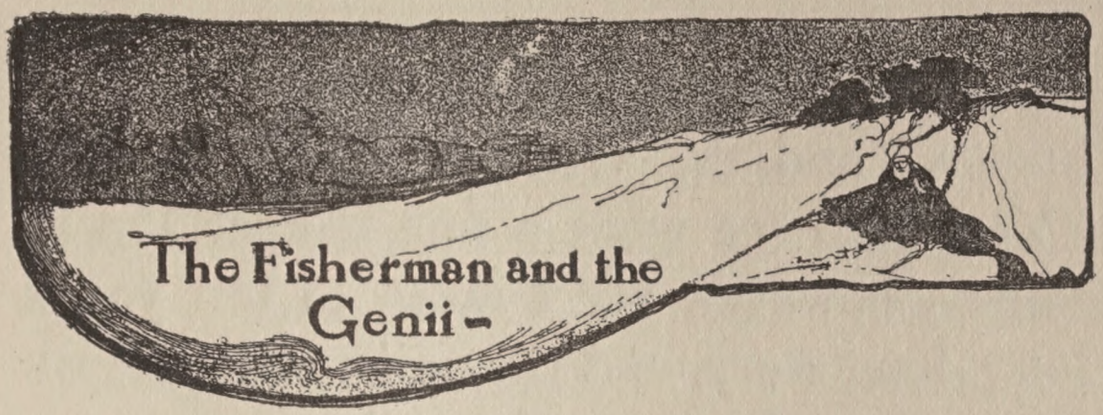
He presented to them the two girls he had brought for them, as wives, and also a great deal of wampum, and from that time on,

they lived together in peace and happiness, and their town prospered and the inhabitants increased.

"Speaking of the Red Swan," said the grandmother, "I see the sun's turning red. He'll be out of sight in a moment. I'd better just go and give the stars a rub before it's time to hang them out."

So away she went, leaving the Wind sitting there alone.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENII



"WHAT a smell of violets," said the old grandam, sniffing as she came into the room. "You must have brought it with you from the green world down below."

"Yes, I did," answered the Wind. "I was coming through the pine woods, and there in a hollow was a whole bed of violets and I just dropped down on them to rest a bit."

"You may thank me for those flowers," said his grandmother. "That's what comes of the showers I sent out day before yesterday; you were cross enough about all those clouds too, but now you see."

"Ah well! one can't always be in a good humor," and the Wind stretched himself. "You shall see what a fine temper I'm in to-day, however, for I mean to tell you a long, long story, and the name of it is THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENII."

There was once an old fisherman, so poor that he was scarcely able to support himself and his wife and children.

One morning he went very early, while it was still moonlight, to cast his nets.

For a long time he had no success, but at last, drawing his net toward the shore, he rejoiced to feel that it was very heavy. He thought he had caught a good haul of fish, but drawing the net in still further he found that it contained nothing but a large copper vessel, upon the leaden stopper of which was stamped a seal.

The fisherman's first thought upon seeing this was that he could sell it in the town for enough money to supply his family with food. Upon examining the vessel more closely, however, and seeing with what care it was sealed, he became convinced that it contained something precious.

Without much trouble he managed to pry off the leaden stopper, and turned the vessel upside down. He shook it, but nothing came out. He then set it down upon the sands and was amazed to see a dark smoke arise out of it. This smoke poured out, rolling above the fisherman, so densely that the shore and the sky were darkened.

When all the smoke was out of the bottle, it began to take form, shaping itself into the gigantic figure of a genii, taller than the tallest giant. The fisherman was so terrified at this sight that he would fain have

fled, but his legs trembled under him; he could not stand, and fell down upon the shore.

Looking upon him with a terrible expression the genii spoke in these words: "Wretched creature, you have loosed the seal that the great Solomon placed upon the stopper in order to keep me a prisoner; I am free at last, and now prepare to die."

"Alas!" cried the fisherman, "what have I done to deserve death? You were a prisoner and I have released you,—that is true; but surely that was a deed that you should reward rather than punish."

"Listen," said the genii, "and I will tell you something: More than eighteen hundred years ago, when Solomon, the son of David, was king, he required all the genii, whether of earth or air, to submit to him. Many did this, owning him as their ruler. I, however, was rebellious and refused to

submit. For this reason he compelled me to enter this copper vessel. He then fastened it up, sealing it with his own seal that I might not escape, and threw it into the ocean.

"For many hundreds of years, as I lay there under the depths of the sea, I vowed to myself that if any one would release me I would reward him with wealth and honor, so that he should be among the greatest on earth. After long ages had passed, however, I grew angry and swore that if any one should now come to set me free my first act would be to kill him. I will, however, grant you one favor: you shall be allowed to choose the manner of your death."

The fisherman continued to beg and entreat the genii to spare him, but finding him resolute the poor man thought of a plan by which he might still save his life.

"It is hard to believe," said he, "that a

great and powerful genii, such as you say you are, could have been shut up in a copper vessel that I could lift in my hands. Are you willing to swear by the great name graven upon the seal of Solomon that such was the case?"

"I am willing to swear it by that great name," said the genii. "But you yourself saw me coming forth from the bottle."

"That is true," said the fisherman, "but I find it impossible to believe that my senses did not deceive me; nor can I believe it even yet unless I see how it was that you made yourself small enough to enter it."

Enraged at the fisherman's unbelief the genii determined to convince him. For this purpose he resolved himself once more into a cloud, which gradually disappeared into the vessel until it was all gone. "Dost thou believe me now, fisherman?" called the voice of the genii from the bottle.

Instead of answering, the old man seized the stopper and fastened it in the mouth of the vessel. This done, "Truly I believe thee, genii," he cried, "and now thou shalt return to the depths of the sea whence I drew thee. Moreover, I will build me a hut here upon the shore, so that I may warn all men who come this way against releasing such a monster as thou."

Upon hearing these words the genii was furious and tried to escape from the vessel, but in vain. He then began to implore the fisherman to release him once more, promising the old man that if he would do this he should never want for wealth again. This he swore by the great name graven upon the seal.

"And wilt thou also promise by that great name that thou will not harm me?" asked the fisherman.

"That also will I promise," answered the

genii, whereupon the fisherman once more removed the stopper, and the genii came forth.

Upon feeling himself free the first act of the genii was to kick the copper vessel into the sea. This act filled the old man with fear. "Wilt thou forget thy oath to do me no harm?" he cried.

The genii laughed at the terror of the old man. "Nay, I will not forget," he answered. "Nor will I forget my promise that thou shalt possess wealth. Take up thy net and follow me."

The fisherman gathered up his net as he was bid, and the genii then led him away to a spot not far from the city, where, lying among four hills, was a lake as clear as glass. The old man looked down into it and it was so transparent that he could see the fishes swimming about in it. He could

even see that they were of four colors, red, blue, green and yellow.

"Cast in thy net," commanded the genii. The fisherman did as he was bid, and when he drew it out he found he had caught four fishes, one of each color. These the genii told him to take to the palace of the sultan. "Present them to him," he said, "and in return he will give you much money." He warned the fisherman, however, that he must never cast his net into the lake more than once a day; otherwise he would surely have cause to repent.

Filled with joy the old man took the fish and hastened to obey the genii's advice. He carried them to the palace and there offered them to the sultan, who could not enough admire them, taking up each one in turn and examining it. The sultan then gave orders that they should be cooked,

doubting not that their taste would be delicious.

The vizier himself carried them to the kitchen, and then returned to the sultan, who commanded him to give four hundred pieces of gold to the fisherman in return for his present. The fisherman, who had never seen so much money before, departed filled with joy and gratitude.

Meanwhile the cook to whom the fish had been intrusted, gutted them and laid them in a pan to fry. When they were done upon one side she turned them upon the other.

Immediately the wall opposite to her opened and there appeared a lady of marvelous beauty. She was dressed after the Egyptian fashion, and upon her neck and arms were the most magnificent necklaces and bracelets. In her hand she carried a wand of myrtle.

Approaching the pan where the fish lay, she touched it with this wand at the same time saying, "Fish, fish, are you doing your duty?" Then the four fishes raised their heads and made answer, "We do our duty. If you pay your debts, we pay ours. If you fly, we are content."

Upon hearing these words the lady overturned the pan in the ashes, and disappeared through the opening as she had come, the wall closing behind her.

The servant girl was almost dead with fear at all this. However, she made shift to gather up the fishes, but they were already burned to a crisp. She began to weep and lament over her misfortune. Just then the vizier came into the kitchen to see if the fish were ready to be served, and the cook recounted to him all that had happened. He was greatly astonished at her story. However, he told her to say nothing about it,

and that he would invent some tale to satisfy the sultan.

This he did, and then sending for the fisherman, he asked him whether he could not procure four more fishes such as he had brought before.

The fisherman replied that he could, but that he would not be able to bring them before the next day, as he would be obliged to go some distance for them. This he said because he remembered the warning of the genii, not to cast his net in the lake more than once a day.

On the morrow, he returned to the palace as he had promised, bringing with him four fresh fish which he had caught, and as before each was of a different color, one red, one blue, one green and one yellow.

The vizier presented the old man in return with four hundred pieces of gold, and then himself carried the fish to the cook,

bidding her fry them as on the previous day.

This the cook did, gutting them and placing them in the pan. She waited until they were done on one side, and then turned them over. Immediately the wall opened and the same lady appeared. Without a glance at either the cook or the vizier, she stepped to the fire and touched the pan with her myrtle wand. "Fish, fish, do you do your duty?" she asked.

The four fishes raised their heads and made answer, "We do our duty. If you pay your debts, we pay ours. If you fly, we are content."

As soon as she heard these words, the lady overturned the pan and disappeared through the wall as she had come.

The vizier being now convinced of the truth of what the servant had told him, felt that the matter was too important to be kept longer from his master. He therefore has-

tened to the sultan and told him of all that he had seen and heard.

The sultan wondered greatly, and wishing to see it all for himself, he sent for the fisherman. "Canst thou not," he asked, "procure for me four more fishes such as those thou broughtest before?"

The fisherman answered that he could, but he would require three days in which to get them. This he said, that they might think he was obliged to go a long distance for them.

The sultan was willing to grant the fisherman this time. The old man, however, went out immediately to the lake, for he had not fished in it that day, and throwing in his net drew out the fishes and carried them to the palace.

The sultan was greatly delighted at receiving them so much sooner than he had expected, and ordered the old man to be

rewarded with four hundred pieces of gold, as before.

He and his vizier then retired to a closet where he had caused a pan, and everything else necessary for frying the fish, to be carried. Having shut themselves up there together, they placed the fishes in a pan and began to fry them. They no sooner turned them in the pan, however, than the wall of the closet opened and the beautiful lady appeared. Touching the pan with her myrtle wand, she asked, "Fish, fish, are you doing your duty?" The fishes answered by raising their heads and all crying at once, "We do our duty. If you pay your debts, we pay ours. If you fly, we are content." The lady thereupon upset the pan with her wand, disappearing through the wall of the closet which closed behind her.

The sultan was greatly amazed, as his vizier had been, and causing the fisherman

to be once more summoned, he questioned him as to where he had procured the fish.

"I caught them in a pond, lying among four hills, and scarce two hours' walk from the city," the old man made answer.

The sultan consulted with his vizier, but they could remember no such place. Being determined, however, to examine into the matter, he commanded that his whole court should take horse and prepare to accompany him to the spot.

This was done, and following the guidance of the fisherman they soon arrived at the plain among the hills where the lake was situated. When they alighted beside it they found it so transparent that they could see down through its depths to where a multitude of fishes were swimming about. It could also be seen that these fishes were all such as the old man had brought to the castle.

What especially filled the sultan and his court with surprise was that, though they had often passed by the spot, none of them had ever seen the lake before.

Being anxious to discover the meaning of all this, the sultan commanded that his court should encamp upon the shore, and that night spoke privately to his vizier.

"I am determined," he said, "to examine into this affair, for I am convinced there is more in it than meets the eyes. I intend to see if I can discover anything further, and for this purpose I shall start out alone to-night. I wish no one to know I have undertaken this adventure, so to-morrow when my court comes to attend me tell them I am indisposed and dismiss them. Do this every day until I return, and let no one know of my absence, even though it should last for some time."

The vizier tried to persuade him not to

venture forth in what might prove a dangerous undertaking, but the sultan was resolved. Arming himself with a scimitar, he started out alone as soon as the camp was quiet, making his way across the hills.

For some time he journeyed on without meeting with any adventure, but at last he saw before him a magnificent palace of black marble.

Drawing near it he saw the doors were standing wide open, but all was silent and deserted. After knocking several times and receiving no answer, he entered and went from room to room.

At first he could find no one, but finally, upon approaching a great hall near the centre of the palace, he heard some one groaning and lamenting in a grievous tone. Having drawn aside the curtain that covered the doorway, he beheld a young man of a noble and dignified appearance, seated

AFTER KNOCKING SEVERAL TIMES AND RECEIVING NO ANSWER, THE SULTAN ENTERED.

upon a throne at the further end. This youth's countenance expressed the greatest melancholy.

The sultan entered and saluted him, and the young man returned the salutation gracefully, at the same time speaking in these words: "Sir, I see by your appearance that you are worthy of great respect, and I pray your pardon, if I do not rise to receive you. You may see for yourself that it is impossible for me to move from this throne."

So saying he raised the skirt of his robe, and the sultan saw that he was a man only to his girdle, below that being of black marble.

The sultan was greatly concerned at this sight, and begged the youth to tell him how he came to be in this pitiable condition.

"I am," began the young man, "a prince; the son of the king of the Black Isles. My

father died while I was still very young, and almost immediately afterwards I married my cousin; a lady of pleasing appearance and whom I had long loved.

"For some time we lived in great happiness, but after several years I began to perceive that I no longer pleased her. I did not reproach her, however, though it caused me great unhappiness.

"One day, having lain down to rest, two of her women seated themselves, the one at my feet and the other at my head to fan me.

"I closed my eyes, being weary, and after a time, thinking me asleep, the two women began to talk in low tones. 'Is it not a pity,' said the one at my feet, 'to see so handsome a young man so deceived by his wife. She goes out every night now, after he is asleep, to learn magic, and this magic is of the blackest sort possible.'

" 'The marvel to me is,' responded the other one, 'that he has never awakened and discovered that she has gone.'

" 'That is not so strange,' said the first, 'when you know that every night she mixes a sleeping powder with the drink she gives him just before he goes to bed.'

"They continued to discourse for some time after this manner, but all the while I lay there with my eyes closed, and they knew no otherwise than that I was asleep. Not till they were silent did I open my eyes again, at the same time yawning and stretching with every sign of awakening.

"That night when my wife brought me the drink as usual, I carried it to the window, and while pretending to admire the view, secretly poured the whole of it out into the garden. I then returned her the empty cup, and she thought that I had drunk the draught.

"After we had gone to bed, I pretended almost immediately to fall into a deep sleep. She then arose very quietly from my side, and dressing herself, left the room. Before going out, however, she stood looking down at me, and addressed me after this fashion, never imagining that I was awake and could hear. 'Oh thou senseless dolt, how is it I can bear with thy stupidity? Patience, however. A little while and thou shalt be punished as thou deservest, and I shall rule the kingdom alone.'

"At hearing these words I was greatly afflicted, for I still loved her dearly. However, I kept my eyes closed, and when she was gone out I arose and taking my scimitar, followed her unobserved.

"She went out from the palace," the young king of the Black Isles continued, "and so came to the garden, where she was met by an enormous black. Having

greeted each other with great friendship and familiarity, they began to walk backward and forward conversing earnestly.

"As they spoke in low tones, I could not at first hear what they said, but having stolen nearer and hidden behind a bush I was able to understand them.

"What was my horror to find that their talk was all of magic of the blackest and most evil sort, in which the stranger was instructing my wife.

"I had listened to them for some time when a turn in their walk brought them close to where I was hidden. Unable to restrain myself any longer, I stepped forth and struck the magician with my scimitar, so that he fell down covered with blood. I thought at first I had killed him, but such, alas! was not the case, as I have since found to my sorrow.

"I then turned to my wife with unabated

fury, but she met my eyes with such a terrible look that all my strength seemed suddenly to leave me.

"'Wretch!' she cried, addressing me, 'What hast thou done? Thou has dared to raise thy hand against one of the most powerful magicians in the world, and one whom I love and respect above all others. But thou shalt not go unpunished. Henceforth thou shalt be half man, half marble.'

"She then murmured some magic words and clapped her hands. Immediately a mist came before my eyes; I seemed to swoon, and when I recovered my senses I found myself seated here and in the condition in which you see me.

"But this was not all. Not content with this vengeance, by her magic arts she transformed my city into a lake, which you may have seen as you came this way, and its inhabitants into fish of four different colors

according as they were Jews, Musselmans, Christians or Persians.

"As I told you, the magician was not dead as I had hoped. He still lives and is kept alive by her enchantments. However, as I have learned from her lamentations, not all her magic has been able to restore to him the power of motion or speech. She has had him conveyed to some apartments in the further part of the palace, and thither she goes every day to visit him and weep over his condition. As soon as she leaves him she comes here to reproach me, and not content with my misery she daily strips my robe from my shoulders and beats me with an ox-pizzle until I am covered with blood."

Having ended his tale the young king began to weep and bewail his miserable condition, and the sultan could not forbear shedding tears with him. However, controlling his pity, the latter began before

long to question the young man as to what time the queen generally came hither to beat him.

The king of the Black Isles replied that it was now almost the hour for her to appear, and he begged the sultan to hide himself, lest her anger should be awakened against him, too, and she should do him some evil with her magic arts.

This advice the sultan thought best to follow, having first bid the young man have courage, as he had thought of a plan by which he might save him. He then hid himself back of some curtains in an adjoining room, and had been there but a short time when the enchantress glided in, passing so close to the sultan that by stretching out his hand he could have touched her.

However, she passed by and went immediately to the room where the young king was, and where she began to reproach him

bitterly for the sorrow he had brought upon her.

Presently, wearying of this, she drew from under her robe an ox-pizzle, and stripping her husband's shoulders bare she began to beat him in the most barbarous manner.

While she was thus occupied, the sultan slipped from his place of concealment, and hurried away through the palace, looking for the apartments where the magician had been conveyed.

He passed through many rooms one after another, all silent and deserted, until at last he reached one more magnificent than the rest, and there, lying upon a couch covered with cloth of gold was an enormous black whom the sultan recognized as the magician. He was dressed in an embroidered robe, but lay there quite alone and showing neither by sound nor motion that he was alive.

Drawing his scimitar the sultan cut off the magician's head, and having stripped off the embroidered robe, he dragged the carcass into the garden and threw it down a well.

He then dressed himself in the robe and lay down upon the couch in the position of the black, concealing his scimitar at his side.

He had been lying there but a short time when the lady returned. She had scarcely entered the apartment, when she began to lament in these words: "Alas, alas! my lovely black! of what use to me are all my enchantments if they will not restore to thee thy speech, or cause thee even to know how I lament thee. What more can I do than I have done?"

As soon as she was silent the sultan, imitating the voice of a black, began to speak. "Miserable woman," said he.

At the sound of these words from the supposed magician, the enchantress gave a loud

cry. "Speak! Speak again. Let me be sure that I have heard thee," she cried.

"Wretched creature, how hast thou deserved that I should speak to thee? Art not thou the cause of all my woes?" asked the sultan.

"My dear lord," the woman made answer, trembling, and still thinking that it was the black who spoke, "how have I deserved such harshness? In what have I caused thy woes?"

"By the cruelty with which thou hast treated thy husband," the sultan made answer. "His cries disturb me night and day, and until he is released from his enchantment I can never be cured."

"If it be so, I will hasten to release him," cried the queen, "though he has ill deserved such mercy."

So speaking she hurried away to the hall where the young king was. Taking a cup

of water she muttered some magic words over it, and threw it upon him, saying, "Return to the form which the Creator designed thee to have."

Immediately the young king felt himself wholly transformed back into flesh, as he had been before the queen enchanted him.

She, however, looked upon him with a terrible glance, and bade him begone and never return upon pain of death; after which she hastened back to the supposed magician.

"My dear master," she cried, "I have done even as you commanded. Are you yet content with me?"

"No," answered the sultan, still imitating the voice of the black; "it is not enough. You must remove the enchantment from the city and the inhabitants of it."

This also the queen did, hastening away for that purpose.

The court of the sultan, who were still encamped upon the borders of the supposed lake were greatly amazed to suddenly find themselves in the principal square of a great and populous city, the inhabitants of which hastened to and fro intent upon their affairs. The sultan's attendants did not recognize in these people the fishes which they had seen in the clear depths of the lake, and which were now changed back to their proper shapes by the power of the queen's magic.

Meanwhile, as soon as the enchantress had accomplished this she returned to the pretended black. "The city and the inhabitants are restored," she said. "Is there anything else thou desirest me to do?"

"No," answered the sultan. "Now reach me thy hand, and I will arise."

The queen joyfully did as he bade her, coming to the side of the couch for that pur-

pose; whereupon the sultan caught hold of her, and springing to his feet, before she could speak or turn he cut her in two with his scimitar, so that one half fell one way and one the other.

Having executed this piece of justice, the sultan left the room to look for the young king. He found him waiting outside, and they rejoiced together over the young man's restoration to his proper shape.

The sultan then begged him to return with him to his own capital, which, he said, was but two hour's journey thence, at the same time telling the young man who he was.

"Sir," answered the king of the Black Isles, after having paid the sultan the respect due to his rank. "I thank your majesty, and will gladly return with you to your own country; but you will find it farther away than you think. On account

of the enchantment that was upon my city, you may have been able to come here in the time you name, but you will find it a two years' journey back to your own dominions."

The sultan was greatly amazed to hear this; however, it afterward proved to be no more than the truth.

He now escorted the king of the Black Isles through the city to where his court was, and having told them who the young man was he related to them his adventures, over which they could not sufficiently wonder.

Soon after they all set out to return to the sultan's dominions, accompanied by the king. But first the young man appointed those whom he wished to take charge of his possessions during his absence to their places.

After a journey of two years they reached the sultan's capital, where they were received with great rejoicing. The sultan

had conceived such an affection for the young king during their journey that he named him as his successor, and treated him in all things as his well-loved son.

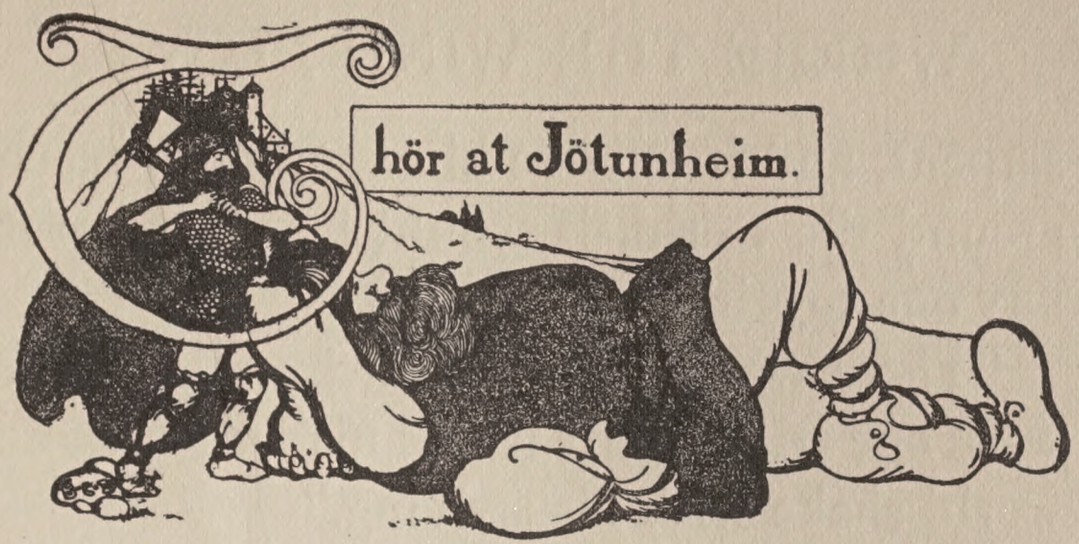
As for the old fisherman, he was sent for and so handsomely rewarded as to make him and his family wealthy for the remainder of their days.

"I remember that story," said the old grandam, as the Wind ended. "I heard it years and years ago."

"Why didn't you tell me that when I started?" asked the Wind somewhat gruffly.

"I didn't want to stop you; and then it's a poor story that won't bear telling twice. I liked to hear it."

THÖR AT JÖTUNHEIM



THE Wind looked out at the green ridge of the world far, far below him.

"Have you ever heard," he asked his grandmother, "of the Midgard's serpent?"

"No; what is that, my son?"

"It is the serpent that people once believed encircled the earth and held it together. Its head and tail touched each other. They believed that if the circle it made was ever broken, the whole earth would fall to pieces."

"That is not a pleasant thought," said the old woman, "but then if there were such a

serpent, and if it were big enough to reach around the world, it would be too big for any one to stir it."

"There was a story I heard once of how some one tried to lift it and made the whole world shake with his striving."

"You might tell it me," said the old woman, "though I know well enough that there is no truth in it."

"It was a story," mused the Wind, "that I heard—oh, ages and ages ago. The story of how the great god Thör went to visit at Jötunheim, the home of the giants. As I remember it, it ran after this wise:"

From far-off Aesir where the gods feast
came Thör, driving goats to his chariot; and
Loki was with him.

They stopped at the house of a country-
man, and as they were hungry Thör bade

the man kill the goats and boil them for supper.

So it was done, and all feasted together, Thör and Loki and the countryman and also the man's son and daughter, by name Thialfi and Röskva.

Thör and Loki were hungry and if the others ate much they ate more. When they had made an end of eating, Thör said, "Let none break a bone, but put all of them in the goat skins by the fire." But Thialfi was greedy, and when none saw him he broke a thigh-bone that he might get the marrow. Soon after that they all went to sleep.

Very early on the morrow Thör arose before the others awoke; took the goat skins and bones and over them raised high Miölnir his hammer and called them to rise.

Then flesh and life returned to the dead bones, and the goats arose as before, but one

was lame of one leg; the thigh-bone that Thialfi had broken.

When Thör saw that, great was his wrath. "Some one has deceived me," he cried, "and my goat goes limping."

At the sound of Thör's wrath great fear came upon all. Thialfi fell at his feet, praying him that he would spare him his life. Such was his terror that Thör relented; left him his life, but took him and Röskva as servants.

He would tarry no longer though under that roof; strode out into the world with Loki his comrade, while Thialfi and Röskva followed behind him.

On and on they journeyed, going toward Jötunheim, the home of the giants, for Thör had desired for a long time to visit them.

At last they reached a dark forest, and as they travelled through it the night fell. Then they looked about for a place where

they could rest. There they found a house; wide stood the doorway, broad as the house itself. "Here we will stay," said Thör, "till the morning breaks."

So there they rested for they were weary. But in the night came a terrible noise as of an earthquake; the house shook with the sound.

Great fear fell on Röskva and Thialfi, but Thör bade them go with Loki into a smaller chamber that he saw beyond. He meanwhile guarded the entrance with his hammer Miölnir. Fear came not near him.

In the dawning he looked forth and there in the forest lay a great giant asleep. The roar and din of the night had been the sound of his snoring.

While Asa-Thör stood leaning on his hammer and looking, the giant awoke. "What is thy name?" shouted Thör to him.

"I am called Skymir," the giant made

answer. "And thou, I know well, art Asa-Thör. But what hast thou done with my glove?"

He stooped to pick up the house where the companions had rested. Then Thör looked and saw that the house was the giant's glove; the inner chamber where they had retreated was the thumb.

At that Thör called to his companions to come forth. Loud laughed the giant when he saw them, till the forest shook. "Come small ones," cried he, "we will feast together and be comrades." Then the giant set forth his provisions, and Thör also laid out food from his bag.

When they had made an end of their eating the giant said, "Let us put our provisions in my bag together." So they put all together, and the giant fastened his bag and swung it over his shoulder.

All that day they travelled together, and

still at night had not reached the end of the forest.

Then the giant Skymir flung down his bag on the ground. Said he, "Do you eat, but I am heavy with sleep and want nothing." So saying, he stretched himself out across the ground and soon was snoring.

Thör strove to open the bag, but could not unloose the cord that held it; could not open Skymir's provision bag.

In a rage he strode to the sleeping giant, raised his hammer and smote Skymir upon the forehead. Skymir opened his eyes; sleepily brushed his forehead. "Was that a leaf fell upon me?" asked the giant.

Without a word Thör returned to his comrades. Hungry were they obliged to go to their rest that night. But in Thör's breast wrath burned hotter and hotter.

Deep in the night when the giant was again sleeping, Thör arose and went to him;

raised his hammer Miölnir and smote the giant a mighty blow; such a blow the head of the hammer was buried in Skymir's head.

Then the giant awoke. "Is this an oak tree above me?" he asked. "Methought an acorn fell upon my head and woke me."

No answer made Thör, but went back to his companions who were still sleeping.

In the morning he rose once more; Skymir still slept, snoring like thunder. Then Thör smote him such a blow on the temple as must surely kill him. The hammer sank in the giant's head up to the haft. Skymir roused and sprang to his feet; raised his hand to his temple. "There must be birds in the tree overhead, for a feather just now fell upon me."

Then he looked about and it was morning. "Give me my bag," he said, "and do you go your way and I mine, for here we

separate. My path lieth yonder to the mountains, and yours toward Jötunheim. But first, Asa-Thör, advice I would give thee. Boast not in Jötunheim of thy great prowess; make not much of thyself, for the Jötuns like not boasting."

Then Skymir left them and strode away toward the mountains, but Thör and his comrades travelled on in the direction they would go.

At last they reached the edge of the forest. There before them was a great city, and a gate so lofty that to see its top they must look up toward heaven.

Thör sought to open it, but with all his might he could not. To enter, they were compelled to creep between the bars.

Then they went on through the city until they came to a mighty hall. On either side of it sat the giants feasting. Through their

midst strode Thör and his comrades till they came to where the king sat, and gave him greeting.

Contemptuously the king looked upon them, and thus he spoke: "No need of asking who thou art, Asa-Thör. But thou art less than I had thought to see thee. No doubt, however, thy valor is greater than thy stature. But now what special exploits can ye show us? For none may abide here with us, unless in some art or power he excelleth." Thus spoke the king.

Then Loki answered boldly, "In eating lieth my great strength. Bring him among you who can eat the most, and set a trial between us."

So the king summoned his man Logi; set a great trough filled with meat between him and Loki. "Now, let us see," he cried, "thy boasted power!" Scornfully spake he.

Then Loki and Logi both began eating.

Loki ate fast; left not a shred of meat on the bones, and he and Logi met in the middle, but Logi had eaten not the flesh only, but the bones and the trough with it.

Then said the king Utgard-Loki, "Better than that must they eat who feast with the Jötuns." Then he turned to Thialfi, "Where lies thy special skill?" he asked him.

"I," answered Thialfi, "am a runner. Swiftest of foot am I said to be of any on earth."

Then Utgard-Loki called his man Hugi to run with Thialfi.

Smooth lay the race course, and level and even. From the goal the two runners started together. Thialfi ran swiftly, but scarce had he reached the turning point when Hugi was back at the goal.

Then again they ran. Thialfi strained forward and sped swift as a bird's flight.

But when he was still a good bow shot from the goal, Hugi had touched it.

"Thou art swift of foot, Thialfi," said Utgard-Loki, "but swifter still must thou be to out run Hugi."

Then for the third time the runners started. So swiftly ran Thialfi that his feet scarce seemed to touch the ground; swift as the wind he went, but when he was scarce at the middle Hugi had sped to the goal. Loud laughed Utgard-Loki. "Mighty Thör unless thou canst better thy comrades, small is the honor thou wilt win at Jötunheim."

Thör scowled black as thunder. "Bring forth your drinking horns," he cried, "and I will show you how I can drink."

Then Utgard-Loki summoned before them his cupbearer. In his hands he brought a drinking-horn. "Drink," said the king. "Many among us empty the horn

at one draught; some twice must lift it; the least among us at three draughts can drain it. Doubtless, Thör, thou canst empty it easily."

Thör took the horn in his two hands. Not wide it seemed, but it was long. Thör was thirsty, so he set his lips to it and drank deeply till he could drink no more. Then he looked in it. He could not see that the drink was at all lowered.

Once again he raised the horn to his lips; drank and drank, but with all his drinking scarcely he needed to tilt the horn. Then he paused to take breath.

Cried Utgard-Loki, "Thou hast left more than a share for the third draught. It must be deepest of all if thou wouldst empty the horn."

No word answered Thör, but lifting the horn he drank till his head seemed bursting.

When he could drink no more he looked

in it. Little indeed was it lowered, though now one could carry it without spilling.

The king mocked him, "Thy thirst is quenched too easily, Thör."

Then Thör made answer, "Scarce would they in Aesir call such draughts little. But if I have failed in this give me some task to do that will show my strength."

"Some men," said the king, "think it but play to lift my old cat. I would not have asked thee to do such a small thing had I not seen thy strength was less than I thought it."

Then forth from a dark corner crawled the great cat, a lean beast and lanky.

Thör bent and seized it round the body; strove to lift it, straining his muscles; strove till the sweat poured down from his shoulders.

But the great beast curved its back, stretching itself out longer and longer.

WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, THÖR COULD BUT LIFT ONE OF THE GREAT CAT'S FEET FROM THE GROUND.

With all his striving, Thör could but lift one of its feet from the ground.

Then in his wrath Thör threw the cat from him. "Now I am angry," he cried. "Little ye think of me, but which among you dares to strive with me now I am angry?"

Pale was the king, and strangely he looked at Thör. Pale were all the Jötuns.

"Before we strive with thee see if thy strength is enough to throw my old foster mother, Elli. Many brave men has she stretched on the ground."

Into the king's hall came the old Elli. Such an old woman, so bent and twisted, it seemed a pity for Thör to throw her.

Gently he seized her, but her lean arms wrapped round him, cruel and crushing. Then Thör strove with her; strove till his joints cracked; strove with her, raging; his breath came whistling. He felt himself

being bent backward, till at last he was forced to yield; down on one knee he sank before her.

The king laughed aloud. "Three times hast thou failed, striving with us in games. Now thou shalt try no more. Come; we will feast."

Then a great feast was spread. All ate and drank. Loud and louder grew the mirth. Only Thör was silent, for his heart was heavy with shame.

On the morrow again there was feasting, that the guests might not depart hungry. Then the king went with them to the great gate and unlocked it for them. Over the threshold stepped Thör and his companions. Then said Thör, "Little of honor have I gained here in Jötunheim, and my heart is sore vexed because in your eyes I have seemed but a weakling."

Then the king made answer, "This know, Asa-Thör: had I known ere thou entered how mighty thou wast, never shouldst thou have crossed the threshold of Jötunheim; with mighty spells would I have protected it. Since thy coming thou hast caused our bones to quake in us. Never again shalt thou set foot in our halls.

"Now I will tell thee, the giant who called himself Skymir was I myself, who came out to meet thee. When I fastened the bag of provisions, it was with steel and not cord that I tied it; though this thou knewest not, because of my magic. Didst thou see the great rock in my hall, with three deep holes in it? Those were the marks left by thy hammer. By my spells I caused thee to think 'twas my head thou struck, when in truth 'twas upon that rock that thy blows fell.

"He who ate with Loki and whom we called Logi was fire, which all things devours.

"Thialfi was swift, but my thoughts outran him; my thoughts named Hugi.

"When my drinking-horn thou strovest to drain, thou sawest not that its end was in the ocean. Such mighty drinking never we saw. The whole sea was lowered, so that men wondered and called it an ebb.

"That beast I called a cat was the Midgard's serpent that circles the world and holds it together. When we saw thee lift it as high as heaven, we trembled with fear. Scarce was the serpent able to keep his tail and one foot touching.

"My foster-mother, the old hag called Elli with whom thou wrestled, was old age. None are so mighty but that they must fall before her.

"Farewell, Thör. Never again shalt

thou enter Jötunheim, for with our spells and magic we will protect it."

Then Thör knew how the Jötuns had tricked him. Filled with wrath he turned and swung high his hammer, but the king was gone. Gone too, were the gates and the great city. All around was but a bleak and barren plain.

Above resounded mighty laughter that echoed about him, and great voices that died in the distance. "Never again, Asa-Thör, shalt thou see us. Never again shalt thou set foot in Jötunheim."

GULEESH NA GUSS DHU

THEY are strange creatures, those people living on the green earth below there," said the Wind. "They are all made of the same flesh and blood; the sun shines upon them and I blow alike upon them all, but all their thoughts seem to be of rich and poor and great and small."

"Can't you blow some of those notions out of them?" asked the grandmother.

"It would take more breath than I have to do that, granny. Now and then," the Wind went on, "one hears of a king who

marries a beggar, or the other way about; but even then it is made a great wonderment of. Now there was Guleesh na Guss Dhu and the princess of France."

"And what was it about them?" and the grandmother drew her chair nearer.

"Well, I will tell you," said the Wind.

There was once a brave Irish lad named Guleesh, who lived in county Mayo.

One evening Guleesh had been to a wake, and it was the last day of October.

It was a long way from the wake back to Guleesh's home. He walked and walked and after awhile his legs began to weary under him, and he stopped to rest a bit.

It was a lonely place where he stopped and nothing to be heard but the cronawn of the insects and the piping of the frogs from over beyond in the bog. The moon

was shining clear, but presently it was as though a breath came over it and everything grew still.

Then in the silence came a sound of feet running and people talking and laughing together.

"What's that?" thinks Guleesh to himself, pricking up his ears.

The sound came nearer and nearer, but not a thing could the lad see, and it went by him like a whirl of wind.

The voices went on and into the rath beyond, and there he heard a shouting and hullabaloo, and laughing.

"Whatever it is, it's myself would like to be in with the fun," said Guleesh, and he followed on to the rath.

When he reached there, he heard the voices all about him shouting, "My horse and my bridle and saddle."

"That's a good word," said Guleesh, and he too shouted, "My horse and my saddle and bridle."

The words were only just out of his mouth, when there before him stood a fine horse with a saddle of silver and a bridle of bright gold.

Guleesh leaped upon its back, and he had scarce seated himself when he saw that the whole rath was full of horses with little men riding about on them.

Then Guleesh knew that he had happened on a meeting of sheehogues.

Said the little man nearest him, "Are you riding with us to-night, Guleesh?"

"I am for sure," said Guleesh.

"Then stick tight, for it's fast we'll be going," and with that he gave the word and away they all rode, and Guleesh in the midst of them.

On and on they went, so fast that the

wind that was blowing behind them seemed to be coming from in front.

After a while they came to the edge of the sea, and there was nothing to be seen but the moonlight on the waters. Then every one of them cried, "Hie over cap! Hie over cap!" And Guleesh shouted too with the best of them, so as not to be out of it.

At that the horses rose in the air, and before the lad could blink twice they were over the water and had lighted on dry land upon the other side.

Then the sheehogue that was nearest to him asked, "And do you know where we are now, Guleesh?"

"Never a bit," said Guleesh, "any more than I know where the wind blows."

"Then I will tell you. We are in France, and what we have come for is to carry away the king's daughter. Her father means to marry her to-night to the son of another

king; but before that happens we'll have her away with us, and it's behind you on your horse that she shall ride."

"If it's for that you have brought me, you might have left me behind," said the lad, "and carried her yourself."

"No, Guleesh, that would never have done. For such riding as we have still to do she must have flesh and blood to hold to."

Then the sheehogue spoke another word, though what it was the lad could not tell, and away they flew again through the air.

When they alighted, Guleesh began to wink and blink, for they were in a great hall where there were so many lights that it dazzled his eyes after the moonlight outside.

At the end of the hall were musicians making music, and girls and fine lads dressed in satins and gold and jewels and

velvet. Upon a throne sat the king of France himself, and about him was a great crowd of gentlemen and nobles.

No one paid any attention to the sheehogues or Guleesh, for indeed not a soul saw them. The word the little man had spoken had made them all invisible.

Presently the sheehogue jogged Guleesh. "There's the princess," he said.

The lad looked, and just then the dancers parted and he saw the loveliest woman that he thought had ever lived on the ridge of the world. Her skin was like lilies and roses; her eyes as blue as the sky, and her hair hung down like great ropes of gold. She was dressed from head to foot in silk that was like moonlight on water, and there were rings on her lily-white hands. But for all her beauty she was very sad, and looked as though she had been weeping.

Presently the prince who was to marry

her came up to her, and then Guleesh saw plainly enough that it was no love she had for him, and that her father was forcing this marriage upon her. A cruel shame it seemed, and she so young and beautiful.

Well, the feasting and dancing went on, and afterwhile it came time for the priests to marry them.

The altar was there in the hall, and the prince took the hand of the princess to lead her to it. Then she grew as white as death, but she had to go with him.

She had almost reached the altar, walking slow and faint-like, when one of the sheehogues stuck out his foot before her, so that she tripped over it.

She fell to the ground, and in that moment she vanished out of the midst of them.

Then there was a shrieking and a seeking and a wailing. They looked for the lady high and low; but find her they could not,

for the sheehogues had set her on the horse, back of Guleesh, and they were away with her over the sea and back to green Ireland.

Fast as they flew, though, Guleesh had time on the way to think what a shame it was for such a lovely creature as that to be given to one of the ugly little men.

On they went, as if in a race, till the earth spun away under them. At last they were right over Guleesh's house. Then he turned and caught the lady in his arms. "I call and cross you to myself in the name of God," cried he.

At that a howl went up from all the little men. At the same moment the horse went away from under the lad, and there he was on the ground, and what he had been riding on was nothing but the beam of a plough, for no magic can stand the Holy Name.

By the same token the blessed words

broke the charm of the sheehogues, too. It changed back the horses they had been riding into what they really were, just sticks and dried grasses or maybe an old broom.

The little men began howling and stamping about Guleesh. "Oh Guleesh, you clown! You strone-sha! You thief of the world! May no good come to you for this trick you have put upon us. Had we known an hour ago what we know now, you might have stayed in France for all of us!"

But they got no use out of raging and stamping. Guleesh had consecrated the girl to himself, and they could not take her away from him.

"Small good shall he have of her, though," cried the sheehogue who had first spoken to the lad. Then coming nearer he slapped the girl upon the cheek. "Dumb she is, and dumb she shall remain," he said.

AS THE HORSE WENT FROM UNDER HIM, GULEESH FOUND WHAT HE HAD BEEN RIDING ON WAS NOTHING BUT A PLOUGH-BEAM.

"You'll remember us, Guleesh na Guss Dhu."

With that all the little men were gone out of sight in a moment, and Guleesh was alone in front of his house with the lady.

Very white the lady stood and very still, and she looked at him strangely.

"She's frightened, poor girl," thought Guleesh to himself; "and small blame to her after the ride she's been taking." So he took her hand and talked to her gently. Still she said nothing, but the tears rose to her eyes and ran slow down her cheeks.

"Sure the evil things could never have put their spell on such a lovely creature as yourself, could they?" he cried. "It was but joking they were. Tell me that they haven't struck you dumb."

At that the lady raised her soft white hand and laid the fingers upon her lips.

Then Guleesh knew that the sheehogue had of truth done as he said, and that the lady was dumb; the tears ran down his cheeks, too, for the pity of it.

However, he could not keep her standing there outside his door in the chill of the early mist, so he took her hand again and led her away to the priest's house. There he knocked at the door.

Presently down came the priest and opened it. Then who so surprised as he to see Guleesh standing there at that time of the morning, and with him a lady as lovely as the moon, and dressed all in silks and jewels.

"What do you want here?" he says; "and who is this that ye have brought here with you?" For he knew she was not from the country round.

Guleesh told the priest everything that had happened that night, from the time he

heard the voices sweeping past him toward the rath to the moment when he found himself alone with the lady and she dumb. The priest wondered more and more at the tale.

"And now I'm asking you," said the lad, "will you take her in and shelter her for the love of heaven? For my house is no place for a real princess to be staying, and her father the king of all France."

That the priest was willing to do, so he took the lady in and kept her there. He also gave her some clothes that his niece had left in the house that people might wonder at her the less. Wonder they did, however, because of her marvellous beauty.

So the princess lived in the priest's house and every few days Guleesh went there to see her. The more he saw her the better she pleased him, until his heart was filled with love for her. He and the priest could

see that she liked him, too, though she could not speak. The lad was sad for pity of her being dumb.

Now one evening after Guleesh had been to see the princess, he wandered over toward the rath instead of going home, for the sorrow was on him.

It was toward the end of October, and all of a sudden he remembered that it was on this very night a year ago that he had heard the sheehogues coming at this very spot.

Then he stood still and listened, and sure enough he seemed to hear from far away the sound of many footsteps, and of voices shouting and laughing.

Nearer and nearer they came; louder and louder. It was the little men for sure. They whirled by him and on into the rath, and Guleesh was not slow to follow them.

Then he could hear them shouting all

about him, "My horse and my saddle and bridle."

Guleesh shouted with the rest, "My horse and my saddle and bridle."

At that there was a silence and then all the little men began to cry at once, "It is Guleesh, it is Guleesh that put the trick on us. Never think to ride with us again, Guleesh." Still others shouted, "How is the dumb woman? It's small good you'll be getting of her, and she with never a word to speak to you." The air all round seemed full of voices. Then he heard one further off cry, "What a stupid clown he is, never to have thought of brewing her a drink from the herb near his door; then she would speak fast enough."

With that every one about him began to shout, "Foolish clown! Foolish clown!" Suddenly the cry changed to, "Cap over and

away," and on the instant every one of the little men was gone like a flash.

It was not long that Guleesh lingered there after that, for he had heard what he would have given five fingers to have known before.

Home he ran as fast as he could, and began hunting about in the grass around his house, for it was full moon, and almost as bright as day.

He had not been looking long when in a warm corner near the chimney he found an herb that was not like any he had ever seen in his life before. It had seven branches and on each branch seven leaves, and when he broke it off, a thick white juice oozed out that tasted like honey and milk. Then Guleesh made sure that this was the plant the sheehogue had spoken of.

He carried it into the house and put it in a pot with water to cover it, and boiled

it over the fire till all the juice was boiled out of it.

Then he put the drink in a pitcher and carried it to the priest's house, for by now it was morning.

First, however, he took a good drink from the pitcher to make sure there was no harm in the drink, and all it did was to make him feel as light and as gay as a bird.

When Guleesh reached the priest's house he could see that the princess wondered to see him bringing in a pitcher so careful-like.

Then he set it down on the table, and told her and the priest all he had heard in the rath. When he had made an end of his story, he asked the princess whether she was willing to try the drink and see whether it would bring back the speech to her like the little man had said.

For answer, the princess took up the pitcher and began to drink. She drank and

drank, and when she set it down it was almost empty.

Soon after she made signs that she was sleepy, so she lay down and sank into a deep sleep. For two whole days she slept there, while Guleesh and the priest sat watching, afraid to waken her, for she lay there smiling and breathing smooth and even. But their hearts were anxious within them.

At the end of two days her eyes opened and she sat up and looked about her.

With that, all of a tremble, the priest says to her, "And have you slept well?"

And she answered him in the sweetest voice in the world, "I have that, and now I feel rested as I never was in my life before." By that they knew that her speech was restored, and they were so joyful there never was anything like it.

It was not long till Guleesh told her how dearly he loved her, and asked her could she

love him. Then says she, "It's yourself I've been loving for a long time back, Guleesh; though it was no word I could answer to all you said to me. But if it's not you I wed, then it'll be nobody."

So the priest married them, though his heart shook in him as he thought what the King of France would be feeling if he knew what was happening in Erin that day.

But it's not always that Guleesh and the princess were living in green Erin.

For a while after they were married they were as happy as the day was long, but after a bit the lady began to go heavy and sad. It was some time before Guleesh could get her to tell him what it was that was troubling her.

At last, however, with him coaxing her every day, she let him know that it was longing she was to see her father and her own land once more, until sometimes it seemed

the heart would fly out of her breast with wishing.

Well, Guleesh had no money to buy their journey such a long way as that, but when she found he was willing to go she made him take the rings she had brought with her from over the sea and sell them for money. They brought more gold than Guleesh had ever seen in his life before.

With that they took passage in a ship and sailed away and away until at last they reached the coast of France. They did not stop there either, but went on to the very palace of the king.

The king could scarcely believe it when he saw his dear daughter again, for he thought she would have been dead this long while since.

He kissed her many times, and was so glad to have her once more that he could not

but forgive her, and there was great joy in all the land.

So it was well and not ill with her and Guleesh all the days of their life, and after the old king's death they ruled over all France in his place. And that's how a poor Irish lad came to be the husband of a great queen.

"And why shouldn't he have been," said the old grandmother, "for as far as I can see he was a brave lad and an honest one, too."

"Yes, that is true, granny," said the Wind, "but they don't always seem to think that counts for enough down there on the green earth."

VASILISSA THE FAIR

THE old grandmother stood at the window and she looked East and she looked West.

"I wish the Wind would be coming home," she said. "It's time for me to be putting out my mists, and as like as not if I do it now he'll tear them all to pieces when he comes through them; he's just that rough."

She waited a while longer, tapping on the window frame with her lean old fingers that looked as hard and smooth as old brown ivory.

"Well, I can't wait any longer," said she at last to herself; so she put out her mists and they settled softly down and down over the little fields and valleys below. Only the tops of the highest mountains showed above them. Then she went up in her star tower to do some polishing.

She hadn't been there long when she heard the Wind come in banging the door behind him.

Down she hurried. "You didn't tear my mists on your way home, did you?" she asked him.

"Why as to that, grandmother, I never thought about them one way or the other."

The granny went to the window and looked out, and there, sure enough, the mists were torn, so that long streaks of sunlight shone through them upon the fields below.

The old woman was provoked. "It's

just as I thought," she cried. "Careless you were and careless you'll be to the end of the chapter, but you might have had some thought for all the trouble you would bring upon me."

"There, there, granny," said the Wind coaxingly. "If I was careless it was because I was thinking of the story I was bringing home to you. The story of Vasilissa the Fair. Shall I tell it to you?"

Even that didn't put the old woman in a good humor, but she settled herself down in the cushioned chair to listen, and the Wind began his tale.

There was once a rich merchant who had a wife and one child; a daughter who because of her beauty was named Vasilissa the Fair.

For some years they all lived very happily and then the wife fell ill. Feel-

ing that death was near, she called Vasilissa to her, and took from under the bedclothes a little Kúkla, or doll.

"My child," she said, "I am about to leave you, but do not fear; I shall still keep watch over you. Moreover, I give you this little Kúkla. Keep it safe, but never let any one see it. If you are ever in trouble take it to your room. There feed it, and after it has eaten it will always tell you what you should do." Then the mother gave her daughter the doll, and Vasilissa hid it away in her dress.

Soon after the mother died.

The merchant mourned for his wife for some time; then he began to look about him; thought of marrying again.

He chose at last a widow with two daughters, and after he married her he brought them all home to live.

The two girls were very envious of Vasil-

issa; the stepmother hated her, too, because she was as beautiful as the dear day, and her own daughters were ugly as sin itself.

They did all they could to spite Vasilissa, and make her unhappy. They scolded her continually and set her tasks that were too heavy for her, so that she might become thin and her hands grow hardened by work.

But in spite of all she had to do the girl became prettier and plumper every day, while her stepsisters grew yellow with their own hatred.

The reason Vasilissa did not grow thin was because of her Kúkla. However little she had to eat herself she always saved the daintiest morsel in her pocket for her doll. Then she would steal away and set it before her Kúkla, saying,

"Kúkla, eat I pray;
Great my need to-day.

As I give you food to break,
Help me for my mother's sake."

Then after the Kúkla had eaten, it would comfort her and give her good advice. "Do not trouble yourself," it would say. "I will do all your work for you." Then everything would be done in a moment. Vasilissa never had need to raise a finger, but the doll took pains all the while that no one should know but what the girl did the work herself.

Not far from the merchant's house was a deep forest, and in this forest there lived a Baba Yaga; a very fierce and terrible witch.

The stepmother was always finding some reason for sending Vasilissa into the forest, hoping the Baba Yaga would catch her and eat her.

One time the woman set the three girls tasks to do. The eldest girl was to make lace; the second was to knit and Vasilissa

herself was to weave. She told them how much they would be obliged to do and then she went away. First, however, she called her eldest daughter aside and told her she was to do this and the other and they might be able to rid themselves of Vasilissa.

After the mother had gone, the girls worked hard all day, but night came and they had not yet finished their tasks. They were obliged to light a candle.

Presently the oldest daughter pretended that the candle needed trimming. She rose as if to do this, but instead of trimming it, she put it out; for that is what her mother had told her to do.

"There!" she said. "The candle is out and we have no light to finish our work. One of us must go to the Baba Yaga's hut and beg her for a light."

"I will not go," said the second girl, "for my knitting needles give me enough light."

"And my pins make a light for me," said the eldest. Then they both cried together, "Vasilissa, you must go."

Vasilissa dared not refuse but she was terribly frightened. She said she would go, but before she set out she made some excuse for going to her room. There she took her Kúkla from her pocket and set before it some food that she had managed to save from supper.

"Kúkla, eat I pray,"

She cried with tears:

"Great my need to-day.
If I give you food to break,
Help me for my mother's sake."

The little doll began to eat. As it ate its eyes glowed brighter and brighter till they shone like candles. They lighted the room.

"Vasilissa the Fair, what is your grief?" it asked. "Why do you weep?"

Then Vasilissa told the doll her trouble; told it how her sisters would oblige her to go into the forest to get a light and that she feared the Baba Yaga would eat her.

"Do not be afraid, Vasilissa," answered the Kúkla. "Take me with you. Do all the Baba Yaga tells you and ask no questions and no harm shall come to you."

Vasilissa was comforted. She put the doll back in her pocket and then she started out into the dark forest in search of the Baba Yaga's hut.

She went on and on; journeyed a long distance before she found it.

At last she reached it, however, and knocked, but no one was at home.

Presently she heard a terrible noise and there came the Baba Yaga. She rode along in a mortar, urging it forward with a pestle

and sweeping away the traces behind her with a broom. Vasilissa trembled at the sight of her.

The old hag began to snuff about. "Phu! Phu!" she cried, "I smell Russian blood."

"It is I, grandmother," said Vasilissa stepping forward. "My sisters have sent me to you to beg a light for their candle."

"Is that true?" asked the Baba Yaga. "A light you shall have, but seek work or shun work you must stay here for awhile and do my bidding or else I will eat you."

Vasilissa was afraid to say no. The Baba Yaga then cried:

"Open gates and door stand wide
Let your mistress pass inside."

At that gates and doors flew open. The old hag rushed through whistling in her throat and Vasilissa followed her.

The Baba Yaga threw herself down on a bench and stretched herself out. Her hair stood up stiff as nails. "I am hungry," she said. "Fetch me what there is in the oven."

Vasilissa brought it all out and set it before her; enough for twelve men.

"Now fetch me something to drink from the cellar."

Vasilissa did that, too. Brought kvass and beer and mead. The Baba Yaga ate and drank everything; left nothing for the girl but some bones and crusts.

Vasilissa ate what was left, but she managed to hide away the best crust for her doll.

After a while the Baba Yaga grew sleepy. She began to yawn. "To-morrow while I am away you must do a little work for me," she said. "You must sweep the floor and clean the yard and bleach my linen and then take four quarters of wheat from the bin and separate it from the seeds that are

mixed with it. If this is not all done by the time I come home, I will eat you."

Vasilissa began to weep. It was more than ten hands could do. The Baba Yaga, however, went to sleep and snored; snored until the rafters shook.

Vasilissa took out her Kúkla and set it on the table placing the crust before it.

"Kúkla, eat I pray;
Great my need to-day.
As I give you food to break
Help me for my mother's sake."

The doll opened its eyes and began to eat. When it had finished, it said, "Well, Vasilissa the Fair, how goes it with you?"

"Badly, indeed," answered the girl, and she told her doll of the tasks that the old hag had set her to do.

"Do not trouble your head about that," said the doll. "Say your prayers and sleep

in peace. I will see that all is done that she requires."

Vasilissa put the doll back in her pocket and went to sleep; slept the whole night through.

The next morning the Baba Yaga mounted her mortar and rode away. The trees groaned around her, she swept by them so fast.

Vasilissa, left alone, looked about her. There was so much to do she did not know where to begin first. She washed her face and said her prayers, and when she was ready to set to work, she found everything was done that the Baba Yaga had required. There was no need for her to lift a finger. Her Kúkla had done it all for her.

Toward nightfall the Baba Yaga came home. She made such a terrible noise that Vasilissa trembled. In she swept.

"Well, have you done everything as I told you?" she asked. She began to look about her. When she saw that everything was done she was terribly angry, but there was nothing to complain about.

After she had examined the wheat, she cried, "The wheat is here and waiting, but where are the hands to grind it?" Immediately six hands as red as blood appeared and carried the wheat away through the air.

Vasilissa saw them, but she said nothing.

The Baba Yaga sat down to supper and the girl placed food before her. She ate it all up; enough for a score of men. Nothing was left for Vasilissa but bones and crusts.

Then the hag stretched herself out on the bench. "To-day you did not have enough to save you from idleness," she said. "To-morrow you shall do just the same and beside that, you shall clean all the poppy-seed

that is in the bin. Wipe all the dust from it grain by grain. If you haven't it done by the time I come home, I will eat you."

Then she went to sleep; snored until the hut rocked.

Vasilissa took out her doll and set food before it.

"Kúkla, eat I pray;
Great my need to-day.
As I give you bread to break
Help me for my mother's sake."

The doll ate until it was satisfied. "Well, Vasilissa, what has she set you to do now?" it asked.

"All that she did yesterday, dear one, and more beside. I am to clean a whole bin of poppy-seed, grain by grain."

"Well, that also may be done," said the Kúkla. "Say your prayers and go to sleep, and all will be well."

Vasilissa said her prayers and slept quietly until morning.

Very early the Baba Yaga started out through the forest in her mortar. "See that everything is done as I bade you, or it will be the worse for you when I return," she said to the girl.

Well, Vasilissa did not kill herself with work. The doll did everything for her. She had no need to so much as lift a finger.

Just at nightfall, the Baba Yaga came rushing home through the forest. The earth smoked behind her. In she came, whistling in her throat. "Is everything done as I told you?" she asked. She looked about her. Nothing could she find to complain of.

Then she cried, "Here is the wheat ready to be ground, and here is the poppy-seed ready to be pressed, but where are the hands to do it?" Immediately twelve hands ap-

peared and they were as black as night. They carried the wheat and poppy-seed away through the air. Vasilissa looked, but said nothing.

She set out food before the Baba Yaga, and the hag began to eat. Still the girl was silent.

"There you stand, as dumb as a stone!" cried the old witch. "And have you seen nothing to wonder about since you have been here, that you ask no questions?"

"It is no business of mine," answered Vasilissa. "If too much you know, old you will grow."

"That is true," said the Baba Yaga. "All the same, there is something I would like to ask you."

"Ask it, in heaven's name."

"How is it that you are able to stay here in my house and yet have no harm come to you?"

"It is because of my mother's blessing," answered Vasilissa.

"Your mother's blessing!" cried the Baba Yaga. "Out of my house, you blessed one. I want no blessed daughters about me. Take your light and begone."

Vasilissa caught up a lighted piece of wood and ran out of the house. On and on she ran. It was a two days' journey before she reached home. All the time the wood shone like fire and yet it never burned out.

At last on the evening of the second day, she came within sight of her house, but there was no light at the windows. She opened the door and there was her stepmother and the two girls sitting in the dark.

For the first time in their lives they were glad to see her. "Come in; come in," they cried. "Perhaps now we can light a candle. Since you went away, we have not been able to keep a light in the house."

IT WAS A TWO DAYS' JOURNEY THROUGH THE WOODS TO VASILISSA'S HOME.

They came toward her to take the wood from her. Then the fire leaped from it. It wrapped all about them, and when it burned out nothing was left of the three wicked ones but three heaps of ashes.

The next day Vasilissa buried the ashes. Then she went away to a town near by. She stopped at the house of a very, very old crone. "Granny, if you will take me to live with you, you shall not lose by the bargain. I can both spin and weave, and everything I make shall be yours."

The old crone was pleased at this; did not say no.

Vasilissa lived with her for a year and a day.

Every morning Vasilissa spun and wove, and every afternoon, when the crone was away, her Kúkla helped her. She made beautiful cloth. There was none like it made anywhere.

The old crone would not sell this cloth to common folk. It was so fine she took it to the young king.

The king was delighted and had it made into shirts. He would wear no others.

One day when he was dressing, he said, "It is strange that such a rough old woman should be able to make such beautiful cloth."

Then they told him that it was not made by the crone at all, but by a girl who lived with her, and was called Vasilissa the Fair.

The king wished to see Vasilissa. He sent for her to come to the palace.

At first Vasilissa was frightened, but they told her no harm would come to her.

When the king saw her he thought her more beautiful than any one he had ever seen. He loved her with all his heart. "You are called Vasilissa the Fair," he said.

"If you will, you shall marry me and be called Vasilissa the Queen."

So Vasilissa put her hand in his, for he was good to look upon, and she and the king were married. After that they lived happily as long as they both drew the dear breath of life.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAIN

THE sun shone down so fiercely that the world lay panting and sweltering in its heat. Not a breath of air was stirring; the leaves hung motionless; for the Wind was up at his grandmother's, East of the sun and West of the moon, with no notion of stirring out that day.

The old grandam had closed the shutters to keep out the heat. Only one long shaft of sunlight slipped in through a crack and pierced the dimness within.

"Bright as King Arthur's sword Excalibur," murmured the Wind to himself, as he lay stretched at length, his eyes half shut.

"Who was King Arthur?" asked the old grandmother.

"He was a brave and gentle king," quoth the Wind, "and he possessed a sword of wonderful brightness and keenness named Excalibur. Though it failed him once, as all things must."

"How was that, my son?"

"Listen and I will tell you. Though it is almost too hot a day for one to be telling tales. The story is named neither for the king nor for his sword, but is called: The Marriage of Sir Gawain."

Once upon a time when the good King Arthur was holding court at merry Carlisle, there came to him a damsel, beautiful, but very sad, to ask of him aid in sore distress.

"What is thy distress?" asked the king, "and what is the aid that thou wouldst have? One so beautiful and yet so mournful should not ask in vain."

Then the damsel told him that she was

an orphan, and that she had been possessed of great wealth. She had also been betrothed to a youth whom she had long loved. But a certain caitiff knight had despoiled her of her riches; and not only this, but her lover had he taken captive, and even now held imprisoned in a doleful dungeon.

When King Arthur heard her story he was wroth to think that such ill-deeds should be done in his kingdom, and to one so young and beautiful.

"Now by my kingly faith," cried he, "this caitiff shall not go unpunished. Bring me my sword Excalibur and my good steed. I will myself go forth and punish this overbearing baron."

Then they brought him his sword and his steed, and the king mounted and rode forth; nor would he permit any to ride with him on his adventure.

For three days King Arthur journeyed on,

and the fourth day he espied before him a castle tall and grim, and he knew it was the place in search of which he journeyed.

Then the king spurred on his steed. Up to the castle gate he rode, and thundered upon it boldly. "Come forth, thou caitiff knight," he cried, "and do combat with me; for I come hither on behalf of a certain gentle lady whom thou hast wronged."

Not long was the knight in answering this summons. Forth he rode upon a great black horse. His armor, too, was black, and both he and his steed were of gigantic size, so that they were terrible to look upon.

But King Arthur was not dismayed, for neither man nor giant could make him quail.

Then both drew back their horses and prepared to ride at each other; but scarce had the king set his lance in rest when a strange dizziness seized upon him. His arm fell numb and powerless, and it was with diffi-

culty he could sit upon his horse. And good reason there was for King Arthur's failing strength, for that grim baron was in truth a powerful enchanter, and the ground about his castle was enchanted ground. Not any might come against him there but their strength crumbled away, and they had no power to strike a blow.

"Now yield thee," cried the baron; and the king, who bowed his head to no man, was fain to yield.

"Now thou art my prisoner," said the churlish knight. "Thou who wouldst free others from dungeons, perchance may thyself need rescue."

So he sat gazing proudly upon the vanquished king. But when he spoke again it was to other purpose, for he offered King Arthur his life and liberty on one condition. This condition was that the king should pledge his honor to return at the end of a

year, and then to answer truly a question which the knight would set him; failing this he was to deliver over himself, his life and lands into the hands of the enchanter.

"And what is the question?" asked the king.

"It is this: 'What is it that all women most desire?' "

" 'What is it that all women most desire,' " repeated the king. "That should not be hard to answer."

Then he pledged his faith that at the end of a twelvemonth he would return to the baron's castle, and either bring the true answer to that question, or yield over himself, his life, and lands.

Then King Arthur turned and rode away from the castle. Far and wide rode the king, east and west, north and south, and of all he met he asked the same question:

"What is that which all women most desire?"

Then one said one thing and one another, and scarce two alike, and yet none of the answers satisfied the king.

So the months passed by, and at last it was time for him to turn his face toward the baron's castle and yield himself prisoner, for no answer could he find that seemed to be the right one.

Now near the castle there was a dark and gloomy forest, and it so happened that King Arthur's way led him through it. As he journeyed along in troubled thought, he suddenly saw an old hag sitting in the shadow of a bush. So grim and hideous she was, that the king turned away his look in disgust. He would have ridden past her in silence, but she called aloud to him by name.

"Ho, King Arthur, thou courteous King

Arthur! wilt thou pass me by with not a word of greeting? And yet, little as thou considerest me, I might have helped thee where other help failed."

"What meanest thou?" asked the king, reining in his horse.

"Aye, now thou wilt speak to me," said the hag, "and that is well, for I know much of thee. I know that thou art on thy way to keep a faith unwillingly given; that unless thou canst answer a certain question thou art like to lose all thou hast; moreover, I know what that question is."

"And dost thou further know the answer to that same question?"

"Aye; that also do I know."

"Then tell me quickly, and if thy answer prove indeed the right one, then thou mayst ask of me what thou wilt and it shall be thine."

"And wilt thou give thy kingly faith to that?" asked the hag.

The king swore that it should be as he said.

"Then know," quoth the hag, "that what every woman desires most is her own way." Then chuckling, the old hag got her to her feet, and hobbled away through the forest. "Farewell, thou courteous king," she called back as she went, "I will come to thee again after thou art free, and then thou shalt keep the promise thou hast given." And so saying she disappeared among the shadows of the forest.

The king sat upon his horse watching her, and wondering that one so old could hobble along so quickly. Scarce could a young man have kept pace with her. Then he gathered up his reins and rode on toward the castle.

The twelvemonth had just passed to a day when the king returned to keep his faith with the grim baron, and he found that caitiff knight awaiting him.

"So thou hast returned," cried the baron to him. "Dost thou come wiser than thou went forth? And hast thou discovered the answer to my question?"

"That thou shalt judge for thyself," said King Arthur, and he began to repeat the answers he had heard upon his journey. But at each the baron shook his head.

"That is not it," he cried. "Now yield thee to me, for thou hast not paid the ransom, and thy life and lands are forfeit to me."

"Wait but one moment," cried the king. "Mayhap I may yet answer thee. Is not what every woman desires her own way?"

When the enchanter heard that he cried aloud and gnashed his teeth with rage, but

he could not deny that his question had been fairly answered. "It is my sister whom thou hast met and who hath told thee this," he cried.

So King Arthur rode forth from the baron's castle a free knight and made his way back to his own Court once more.

As he journeyed he passed again through the forest, and riding slowly he looked on every side for the grisly hag, to ask her what reward she would have, but nowhere could he see her, and many a long day passed before she came to him again.

It was a full twelvemonth after, and the king was holding a feast with all the knights of his Round Table, when word was brought to him that one stood without, who desired speech with him, "And in truth," said the messenger, "her looks are so fearful that all are terrified, and scarce dare to deny her."

The king bade them admit her.

Then into the hall hobbled the same old hag who had met him in the forest. King Arthur knew her well, though she was ten times more grisly and ill to look upon than when he had seen her before.

The king greeted her right courteously. "Hast thou come to claim thy reward at last?" he asked. "I searched for thee in the forest, and found thee not, and it has weighed heavily upon me, that thy true service should have gone unrewarded. Now ask of me some boon and it shall be thine, whatever it is; for in truth my need was sore and but for thee, I would have been in an ill plight."

The old hag glanced slowly about her from one to another of the knights. "My boon seems but a slight one," she said (and her head shook with palsy as she spoke), "when I see so many gallant knights gath-

ered here together. It is that thou shalt give me some fair and courtly one to be my husband."

At that the knights of the Round Table sat for a moment all aghast. Then there went up a shout of laughter, for it seemed beyond all belief that a young and noble knight should take to wife such a loathful old hag as she.

But the crone cast about her such a terrible look that their laughter suddenly ceased and their hearts grew cold within them.

There was silence in the hall and King Arthur's look was troubled. "This is a strange boon for such a one as thee to ask," he said. "Nor do I see how it is within my power to grant it. Ask of me aught else; wealth and lands, and even a place within my palace and my kingly protection, and it

is thine most willingly. Surely these things were more suited to thine age than that a youth should wed with thee."

Then the hag's brow grew blacker still. "Is it so?" she cried. "Is kingly faith so easily broken through? I will have naught except it be what I ask. I scorn thy wealth and lands, and before all men hast thou broken faith with me."

Then she turned away. But on a sudden Sir Gawain, the king's own nephew, rose from his place, and his face was pale.

"Hold!" he cried. "Never shall it be said that our king broke faith with any living being. Since he has given thee his word that thou shouldst have thy boon, I stand ready to bear him out. I myself will be thy husband."

At these words a cry went up from all the knights of the Table Round. The king

himself was horror-stricken, for Sir Gawain was of his own blood. Moreover, he was young and handsome and of so brave and courteous a mien that he was loved by all.

King Arthur would fain have dissuaded him, but Sir Gawain was resolute, nor would he listen to aught that his companions could urge upon him.

Then said the old hag, "I also promise to be thy wife, and to cleave only to thee, and all other men shall be as naught to me." And at those words the other knights could not forbear a smile, and Sir Gawain's face crimsoned with shame.

The wedding was set for the next day, and then the old crone hobbled away, nor would she let any go with her, so none knew where she went.

When the next day came, she appeared once more, and she was dressed as

might become a young and lovely lady, so that she appeared even more hideous than ever.

She smirked and smiled as Sir Gawain took her hand, but the young knight was as white as death, and he could not bear to look upon her.

The marriage was solemnized before all the court, and when it was over Sir Gawain glanced sideways at his bride.

But what wonderful change was that which had come upon her? Her wrinkles had smoothed away; her cheeks had grown round and rosy; her hair fell in long shining braids; her neck was white as lawn; her eyes were liquid with youth and beauty. In all King Arthur's court there was none to compare with her.

Wondering and awestruck, Sir Gawain sank before her on one knee, but, bending over, the lady kissed him on the mouth and

WONDERING AND AWE-STRUCK, SIR GAWAIN SANK BEFORE THE LADY ON ONE KNEE.

raised him to his feet. "When I was ugly, and poor, and despised, thou didst wed me," she said, "and now I and all my great wealth and lands are thine, and I will be to thee a true and faithful wife."

Then all were filled with wonder and admiration, and many a knight would have given all he had to be in Sir Gawain's place.

When the wonder had somewhat subsided, King Arthur asked the lady who she was, and how she had come in this plight, and this was her story.

She was the sister of the grim enchanter with whom King Arthur had done combat.

Great wealth and power had been hers, but she had offended her brother, so that he had punished her by changing her to a loathly hag, nor could she ever regain her own shape until some young and courtly knight should of his own free will take her as his wife. But now she was freed from

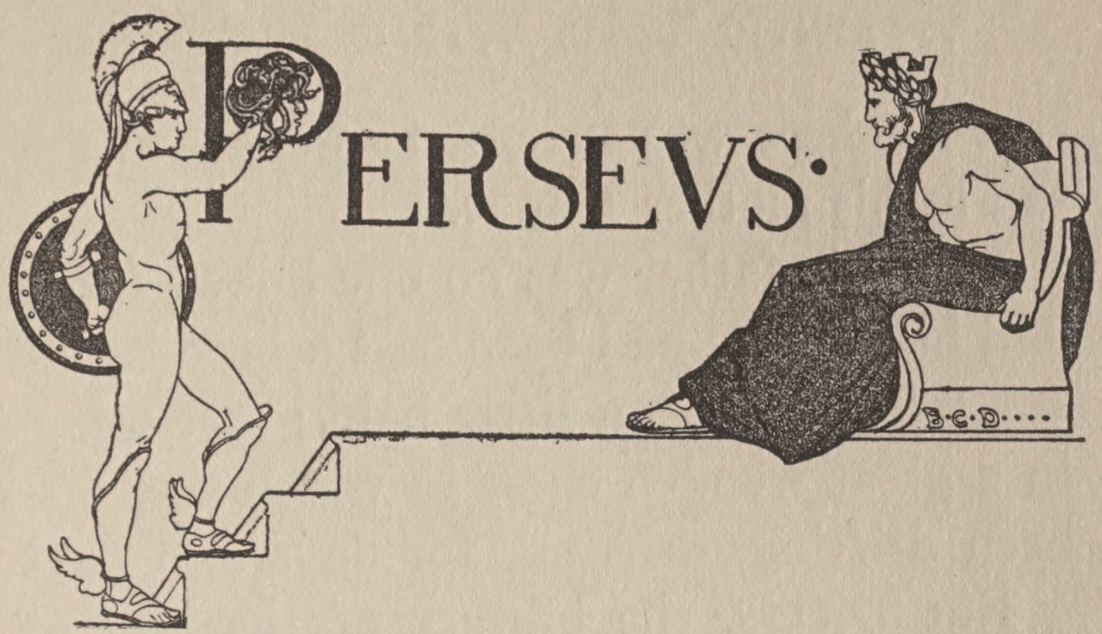
the enchantment, and she and all she had were Sir Gawain's.

When Sir Gawain heard all this he was filled with joy. The king also was happy to think all should have turned out so well, though many a knight was pale with envy as they looked upon the lovely bride.

King Arthur ordered a great feast and all was mirth and rejoicing, and from that time on Sir Gawain lived in happiness with his beautiful wife.

"So that is the end of the story," said the Wind, "and a long enough story, too, to be told on such a hot day as this."

PERSEUS



"IN all the island of Seriphos"—began the Wind—

The old grandmother gave a sigh of content. Her work was over for the day. The polished moon was hung out clear above the earth. A tiny fire purred upon the hearth. The old woman folded her hands in her lap and sat listening to her grandson, with bent head and a half smile upon her lips.

In all the island of Seriphos there was no one so tall and strong as the young Perseus,

just as there was no one so beautiful and sad as his mother Danae.

Who his father was no one knew, for he and his mother had been cast ashore by the sea, when he was a little baby; cast ashore in a great wooden chest in which they had been drifting, drifting, for days and days.

But Dictys, the brother of the king of Seriphos, was like a father to Perseus, for he found Danae and her babe on the sea-shore and took them home with him for pity of their loneliness. He kept Danae with him as his honored guest, nor did he even question her as to who she was or whence she came, lest, out of gratitude, she should feel obliged to tell him more than she wished.

Danae and her son lived with the good Dictys and his wife for many years, and in all that time Dictys was careful that Danae should never be seen by Polydectes, the

king. For Dictys knew that the king had an evil heart, and he feared that if he saw Danae's beauty he might desire her for himself.

But one day when Perseus was fifteen, and a head taller than any other youth of his age, he was striving with the lads of the island in friendly games, and in all things, whether of strength or skill, none could stand against him. Now Danae, in her mother's pride, had come forth to watch the sports, and as chance would have it Polydectes came by that way and saw her for the first time.

When he saw her beauty his heart burned within him, and he came to her and began to talk with her. But Danae was afraid. Therefore she kept her lids lowered, and answered him as little as might be.

Nevertheless Polydectes was inflamed with a desire to have her for his wife, but

Danae would not marry him, because of his cruelty and his evil life. Then Polydectes would have taken her by force, but he was afraid of the young hero, Perseus, so he began to plot and plan as to how he might rid himself of the youth.

He gave a great feast and all the youth of Seriphos were bidden to it and Perseus with the rest, and each was commanded to bring with him a horse as a present to his king.

When the day came the guests gathered from all parts of the island and each brought with him a horse, the finest that he could procure. Perseus alone brought none, for he had none of his own, and he would not ask Dictys to give him one.

Each horse in turn was brought before Polydectes, and each one in turn received from him some word of praise. But when all had been seen the king turned to Perseus,

and called to him in a loud voice that all might hear: "And thou, Perseus; where is thy gift to thy king? Thou art but a foundling, and the very bread that feeds thee is given thee by my brother. Nevertheless, men say thou art the son of Zeus. No doubt thou hast for me a horse that far excels all these, as befits a son of the gods."

At this there was a roar of laughter from all around, for they saw that Polydectes was making a mock of Perseus. But Perseus grew pale with wrath and shame. Still, he answered proudly to the king: "A horse is but a small gift from the son of Zeus. Thou shouldst have asked me for some gift more worthy of him than that."

"For what should I have asked thee?" the king inquired smoothly.

Then in his youthful rashness Perseus answered, "For the Gorgon's head."

At those words a sudden silence fell upon

the company, for the Gorgon's head is so terrible that any one who looks upon it is turned to stone. Therefore the guests trembled at Perseus' boastful speech.

But Polydectes smote his hands together. "Thou hast well spoken," he cried, "and I take thee at thy word. Go forth, oh son of Zeus, nor ever dare to show thy face upon this island again unless thou bringest with thee the Gorgon's head as a gift."

Then Perseus knew that he had fallen into a trap, and he ground his teeth, and turning upon his heel he strode forth from the king's hall. Behind him he heard a shout of laughter from the feasters, but he heeded it not. His heart was full of bitterness and wrath.

Perseus strode on, scarce seeing where he went, and at last he found himself far away from the city and on a lonely promontory that jutted out into the sea. Before him

lay the weltering waters, and the sea-gulls dipped and flew.

There Perseus stretched up his arms toward the shining sky. "They have called me the son of Zeus," he cried. "Send me help in this my need, oh mighty one! and I will be faithful and tireless to fulfil my vow."

The heavens still smiled above him, and the wind that had been blowing dropped, leaving a great stillness. "Hear me, oh Zeus!" he cried again, but there was no reply.

Then his eyes dropped from the sky to the horizon. There, skimming lightly toward him, but far, far away, were two shining specks like birds. Nearer and nearer they came; larger and larger they grew. Perseus shaded his eyes with his hand, wondering what manner of birds they might be that flew so fast and were so shining bright.

Nearer and nearer; and now he could see that they were not birds at all, but two figures, a man and a woman, and then suddenly they reached the promontory and stood before Perseus. Tall, they both were, with something of awful grandeur in their faces. The woman wore a helmet that shone neither like gold nor like silver, but with a luster all its own, and on her arm she bore a shining shield, over one part of which hung a goat-skin. The man carried no shield, but in his hand was a winged staff about which writhed two serpents. The sandals on his feet were winged. In the broad sunlight stood the two, and yet they cast no shadow.

When Perseus saw that his heart was filled with awe, and he fell down before them, for he knew them as Immortals.

But the woman spoke to him mildly. "Rise up, Perseus," she said, "and pay heed

to my words, for Zeus has heard thy prayer and I am come to thee as a messenger. Rise up and be not afraid."

Then Perseus rose and stood before them, but his eyelids quivered as he met their gaze, for it seemed to pierce him through and read the inmost secrets of his heart.

"Rashly didst thou speak when thou didst vow to bring the head of the Gorgon to Polydectes," said the woman. "Rashly didst thou speak, boldly wilt thou perform; but he who seeks the Gorgon may neither falter nor turn from his way."

"Give me but the means to go," cried Perseus, "for I have neither men nor ships, and I will seek it even beyond the bounds of Hades itself."

Then the man spoke. "No need hast thou of slow-oared ships; I myself will give thee the means to go."

So saying he took from his feet the winged

sandals, and giving them to Perseus bade him put them on. "They will carry thee," he said, "straight as the gods will thee to go, if thy courage fails not."

"But when I reach the Gorgon," said Perseus, "how shall I slay her? for I have no sword."

"Here is thy sword," and the woman handed him a short sword that had been concealed in the folds of her garment, as she stood with her arm hanging. Then she unloosed her shield and gave him that. "This wilt thou need also," she said, "for none may look upon the Gorgon and live. Therefore when thou hast reached her lair look in the shield. It will reflect her and so shalt thou know where to strike. But touch not her sisters for they are immortal. Slay the Gorgon Medusa only. She was once a woman, even as other women, and very beautiful, but she did such a deed that the

sun was darkened and the heavens shook. Then the gods changed her to a Gorgon, with brazen breasts, and her hair has become adders, and her lips spit forth venom. And when thou hast slain her, wrap her head in the goat-skin that none may see it till thy hour of need."

When the woman had made an end of speaking Perseus was eager to be gone, but she had still somewhat to tell him as to how he must journey. He must seek first the three Grey Sisters, far away upon the borders of the Northern sea, and find from them where the Gorgon dwelt. And when he had once started he must never turn back until his adventure was accomplished or destruction would surely come upon him. "And now," she cried, "leap forth from where we stand, and the sandals will bear thee up."

Then Perseus looked from the promontory where he stood, and there, far, far be-

low, he could see the waves breaking white against the rocks, and his heart was troubled within him for fear of the depth below him.

"Leap!" cried the man to him, and then, in spite of his fears, Perseus leaped.

But he did not fall. The winged sandals bore him up and forward so swiftly that the sea-gulls were left behind him in his flight. When he looked back over his shoulder the island of Seriphos was no more than a line upon the horizon, and all below him and in front, and on either side, was the weltering waste of the ocean, and above him the great vault of the sky.

Perseus journeyed on for many days until he found himself upon the borders of the great Northern sea, where never man has journeyed. There he dropped lower, scanning the shore, and soon, seated in the shadow of a great ice crag, he saw three old women with nodding heads. So gray and

withered they were that at first he took them for three gray rocks, crowned with matted gray moss. But while he poised there, looking and listening, he saw their hands moving and heard them muttering to each other.

Now these three old Grey Sisters had but one eye and one tooth among them, and these they handed from one to another, so that each might have her turn to see and to eat. While Perseus watched, the three old women began to quarrel among themselves as to whose turn it was to have the eye.

Then Perseus dropped quietly beside them and caught the eye from the hand of the sister who held it.

"What is this?" cried the gray hag. "Who snatched the eye from me?"

"Not I," cried another.

"Nor I," said the third.

Then all began to cry together that some

stranger must be there and that their eye was stolen.

"Yes," said Perseus, "I have your eye."

When they heard the voice of Perseus they all began to cry to one another to catch him; to bite him; to tear him to pieces. But Perseus stood aside where they could not reach him and, as soon as they were quiet, he spoke again:

"You cannot catch me, for I have two eyes of my own, and now, unless you answer me truly, I will crush your eye, and you will have none to see with."

At that the three Grey Sisters began to weep and moan, begging him to give them back their eye and promising that whatsoever he wished they would tell him.

Then Perseus asked them where he could find the Gorgon Medusa.

"That we know not," answered the oldest of the Grey Sisters, "but you must fly to the

Garden of the Hesperides, and inquire there, and they will tell you."

"And where is the Garden of the Hesperides?" asked Perseus.

Then they told him how to find it, and, as soon as he knew, Perseus placed the eye in the hand of the crone who had held it, and leaping aloft sped away so swiftly that the voices died away behind him and the wind whistled past his ears.

On and on went Perseus, and ever the sun shone warmer and warmer, and the sky grew bluer and bluer, and at last he reached the Garden of the Hesperides. Very beautiful it was, with lush green grass, and trees where blossoms and fruits grew, both on the same branch. In the middle of the garden was a tree more beautiful than all the others, for the fruit upon it was of pure gold. Around the trunk of the tree twisted a dragon, with unwinking eyes, that never

slept, and he guarded the fruit day and night lest any one should steal it.

But Perseus had no thought of the fruit, beautiful as it was, for his heart was set upon his adventure, and he sought only those who could direct him where to go.

Presently, from a covert of roses he saw coming toward him three beautiful nymphs. They were laughing together as they came dancing across the sward toward the tree. But suddenly they saw Perseus, and they shrieked with fear and would have fled, but he called to them not to be afraid. So they stood and watched him timidly as he drew nearer.

"Fair nymphs," said Perseus mildly, "can you tell me where to find the Gorgon Medusa?"

"The Gorgon!" cried the eldest of the nymphs. "Alas! thou art young to be already weary of thy life! Knowest thou not

that all who look upon the Gorgon are turned to stone?"

"That I know well," Perseus made answer, "but yet I do not fear, for the Immortals have sent me upon this quest, and they will protect me even against the Gorgon's eyes."

When the nymphs heard that Perseus had been sent thither by the Immortals, they dared not dissuade him from his quest. They told him, however, that they themselves could not direct him. He must ask the giant Atlas, their uncle, who held up heaven upon his shoulders. "For," said they, "his head is up among stars, and he can see everything, even to the uttermost ends of the earth. He can tell thee where to seek the Gorgons."

Then Perseus asked the nymphs where he could find Atlas, and they pointed to what he had at first taken to be a mountain, its

peak lost to sight among the moving clouds. But as he looked again, he saw it was no mountain, but a gigantic figure of a man with bent head, and upon his shoulders rested the great vault of heaven itself.

Then Perseus made haste to go to Atlas, and he inquired of him whither he should go to see the Gorgon.

"From far above the world I look," Atlas made answer, "and I see the Gorgons where they lie asleep, but where they are I will not tell thee except thou make me a promise." Then as Perseus hesitated, Atlas went on in his weary voice, "Promise me that if thou slayest Medusa, thou wilt bring her head hither that I may look upon it and be turned to stone, for I weary with this great weight of heaven that I have been bearing up for such countless ages."

Perseus promised that he would do this,

and then Atlas, from high among the clouds told Perseus where it was that he saw the Gorgons, as they lay asleep in a rocky desert, with the bones of their victims whitening about them.

As soon as Perseus heard, he would have sped away, hot in his quest, but the nymphs called to him, warning him that if he would succeed he must have the cap of darkness which makes its wearer invisible.

"And where is this cap of darkness?" he asked.

"It is in the gloomy Hades, where Pluto reigns, and where never mortal may venture and return alive, but we may go, for we are immortal, though it is a dreary journey."

Then, for the love of Perseus' fair looks, the eldest nymph said that she would go down and fetch him the cap.

So she went down into a dark cavern among the rocks, for that was one of the doors of Hades, and was lost to sight.

For a long time Perseus and her sister nymphs awaited her, and when at length she re-appeared her face was pale and her eyes wide from the sights that she had seen deep in those sunless regions; but in her hand she held the cap of darkness.

Then Perseus sprang to his feet with a glad shout, and she gave him the cap, but her sisters wept, for now Perseus would leave them. Weeping they bade him farewell, but Perseus smiled, for his heart was all for mighty deeds and not for love.

Placing the cap of darkness on his head he sprang aloft and sped on the way that Atlas had pointed out to him.

On and on he went until he reached a rocky desert, and then he paused for he heard a rattling as of metal against stone,

and a hissing sound that struck cold upon his heart.

He raised aloft the shield and looked upon its polished surface, for he knew he must be near the Gorgon's lair. And looking into it he saw reflected there the thing he sought.

Lying among the rocks asleep were three Gorgons. Two were terrible to look upon, but one was very beautiful except for the adders that writhed and twisted above her brow. Perseus looked and looked, and then in her sleep Medusa's lips drew back and her teeth gnashed together, and her wings fell apart, so that he saw her brazen breast, and her talons. Perseus shuddered at the sight, and, still gazing in his mirror, he raised the sword, Herpé, and struck right where her white neck lay. He had no need to strike again for the beautiful, wicked head rolled over among the rocks, and Perseus seized it

and wrapped it in the goat-skin. Then springing aloft he sped back, back, fast as the winged sandals would bear him, the way that he had come.

And need he had to fly fast, for as he flew he heard behind him the shrieks of the other Gorgons. They had awakened and they were on his track, and he heard the rattle of their brazen wings and their fierce cries as they followed hot upon the scent of blood. Perseus' heart shuddered within him for the horrid death that followed close upon his heels. But fast as the Gorgons flew the winged sandals bore him faster still, and as he sped, their cries grew fainter and fainter behind him, and died away in the distance.

On and on went Perseus, until he saw before him the blue of a cloud-tipped mountain; but he knew it was no mountain, but the giant Atlas, wearily bending beneath the load of the sky.

As soon as Perseus reached him the giant called to him, "Hast thou brought the Gorgon's head?"

"I have brought it," Perseus made answer.

"Then fulfil thy promise, and hold it up that I may see it and be eased of this weary load."

So Perseus uncovered the Gorgon's head and held it up for the giant to look upon. And Atlas looked upon it steadily for a moment, and then his great form was changed into a craggy mountain, its peak lost among the clouds, and there it stands to this day, with the heavens resting upon its rocky summit.

The nymphs plead with Perseus that he would stay with them awhile in the Garden of the Hesperides, but he would not, for he was eager to see his home once more, and he feared that some harm might have

come to his mother, in his absence, from the wicked king, Polydectes.

So he left the nymphs and flew away, and on and on, over desert, streams and hills until he saw before him the blue waters of the Mediterranean, sparkling in the sun.

He sprang forward toward it and his heart quivered within him at the thought of home. But when he would have flown seaward, of a sudden a great wind sprang up that pushed him backward toward the land like a mighty invisible arm. All day Perseus battled with the wind, but even the sandals could not bear him forward against it.

At last, out-wearied, he threw himself down to rest, and immediately the wind fell, and all was still.

When Perseus was rested he stood up, and leaped again from the earth, and would have flown seaward once more, but

immediately the wind sprang up and beat him back to land again.

So seven times Perseus struggled with the wind, and seven times the wind beat him back.

And Perseus thought within himself, and he said, "So far the Immortals have been with me, and they have strengthened my arm, and borne me on the way I should go. Now therefore, either they are angry with me, or there are other mighty deeds for me to do before I may see my home again."

Then once more he leaped aloft, but this time he did not strive to fly toward the sea, but wheresoever the sandals would bear him, there he went.

And the sandals bore him eastward and still eastward, and he passed over great cities, and over deserts where the oases were dotted green and at last he came to another sea, but it was gray and bleak, and great

rocky cliffs frowned down upon its waste. And chained to one of these cliffs Perseus saw a figure stand, as white as marble against the gray.

Then he flew down closer to look at it, and behold the figure was a woman standing there with no clothing but the long and shining hair that fell forward and about her like a mantle. And as he looked Perseus saw a long shudder pass over her, and she moaned as one too worn and faint to cry aloud. Then she lifted up her head and stared across the sea with parted lips, but she could not see Perseus, for he still wore the cap of darkness on his head.

Then Perseus flew down still closer, and wondering at her beauty, and wishing to speak to her, he lifted the cap from his head, that he might be seen.

When the maiden saw him she shrieked aloud with fear and tried to hide her face,

PERSEUS WRAPPED ANDROMEDA IN HIS CLOAK.

but her arms were chained above her head and she could not. But Perseus, spoke to her gently and pityingly, and asked her who she was and why she was so cruelly chained there at the mercy of the wind and waves.

Then, weeping, the maiden told him that her name was Andromeda, and that she was the daughter of Cepheus, King of Iopa, and her mother was Cassiopœia of the beautiful tresses. Happy and beloved had she dwelt in Iopa, until her mother, Cassiopœia, had boasted that her daughter was more beautiful than Atergatis, queen of the fishes. At that Atergatis was very wroth, and in her anger she sent plagues upon the people of Iopa, until they cried aloud to the king in their trouble that he should deliver them. And after the plagues Atergatis sent a great monster of the sea that harried them, and the priests prophesied that the monster would never be satisfied

until a virgin of royal blood had been sacrificed to him.

Then in his fear, the king vowed that the wrath of Atergatis should be appeased, even though his daughter Andromeda herself should be the price. Therefore she was chained to the cliffs at the edge of the sea that the monster might devour her, and, peradventure, the plague be lifted from the people.

When Perseus heard all this he was filled with love and pity toward the maiden, and with indignation against those who would have made of her a sacrifice.

But suddenly Andromeda gave a shriek, and her face grew thin and wild. "Fly! fly, fair stranger! lest thou share my fate," she cried.

Then Perseus looked over his shoulder and there, wallowing in the trough of the sea close to the cliff he saw the great sea-

monster. Its eyes were small and cruel, and its great sides glistened with slime. On it came, its eyes fixed on the maiden, but it came slowly, as though gloating at leisure on the terror of its prey.

But Perseus cried to Andromeda, "The Immortals have surely led me hither to save thee. Now hide thine eyes, lest the same thing that slays the monster should prove thy destruction, also."

Andromeda closed her eyes trembling, though in her heart sprang up a sudden hope. Perseus hovered beside her, and the monster wallowed on toward them. Suddenly its great jaws opened and it leaped forward, but in that moment Perseus uncovered the Gorgon's head and held it aloft.

Presently he touched the maiden on the wrist and she opened her eyes trembling. Below and before her lay the stretch of the gray sea. No stir of life she saw, no leap-

ing fish; only a long black rock that had not been there before, and upon which the waves broke in white foam.

Then Perseus raised Herpé and struck the chains that fastened Andromeda to the rocks, and the sword cut through the brass as though it had been twisted flax. So he freed Andromeda.

He wrapped her in his cloak and flew with her to the top of the cliff, and then he saw fair green fields and far away a shining city that was Iopa.

Thither he bore Andromeda in his arms, and when he reached the palace of the king all were terrified, for they thought him one of the Immortals.

But Perseus bade them have no fear, for he was but a mortal like themselves and he told them of how he had rescued Andromeda and that henceforth the people of Iopa should no more be harried, for he had been

sent thither by the Immortals themselves to free them from the monster.

Then there were great rejoicings, and King Cepheus gave Perseus Andromeda for his wife, and they were married, and all the city feasted and made glad.

Perseus abode in Iopa many days, for Cassiopœia entreated him not to take her daughter away; but one day he fell into a deep sleep, and in his sleep the woman who had appeared to him in Seriphos came to him again, and great awe fell upon Perseus, for he knew her as Pallas Athene herself.

And Pallas Athene spoke to him and said, "Perseus, well hast thou done thy task; bravely as a hero should. Give me back now my shield and my sword and the winged sandals, for thy need of them has passed. But keep Medusa's head to take to Polydectes, and after thou hast shown it to him lay it upon my altar as an offering

that I may bear it on my shield forever. Tarry here no longer; take thy wife and journey on into thy own country."

And immediately the dream broke and Perseus awoke.

And yet no dream was it, but a vision that had come to Perseus, for when he went to look, the sword and the shield and the winged sandals were gone, but the head of Medusa was still beside him wrapped in the goat-skin.

Then Perseus made haste to make his vision known, and he said to the king, "Let us build an altar to Pallas Athene, and offer sacrifices, and then give me my wife and let me go, for too long have I tarried here."

And King Cepheus did as Perseus said, and they built an altar to the goddess, and sacrificed upon it. After that he gave Perseus ships and gold and silver and

precious stuffs as much as the ships would hold, and men to row them.

Then Andromeda bade farewell to her father and mother and went with Perseus, and together they journeyed away from the land of Iopa.

Not long was it before they reached that island, and as soon as Perseus had landed he took the Gordon's head, still wrapped in the goat-skin, and went up through the city to the house of Dictys.

None stopped him nor spoke to him upon the way, for no man knew him, so tall and noble had he grown, and he bore himself as a hero who has done great deeds.

But when Perseus reached the house of Dictys, he found all grief and mourning, and when Dictys himself saw Perseus he gave a great cry and then bowed his head and hid his face, crying, "Alas! Alas, my son!"

At that a trembling fell upon Perseus and he asked, "Where is my mother?"

"That I know not," answered Dictys, "for Polydectes has sent here, and has taken her from us by force, and whether she is a slave in his palace, or whether she still lives at all, I know not."

Then Perseus turned on his heel and strode forth to the palace of the king. Through the palace he went and none dared to stop him, so terrible was his look. At last he came to a great hall from which came a sound of feasting and revelry. Perseus pushed aside the curtain and stepped into the hall. Within was a great table set, and at the head of it sat Polydectes. His goblet was in his hand and he laughed aloud as he raised it to his lips.

But even as he raised it, his eyes met those of Perseus, and, changed as he was, the king knew him. Pale as death grew Polydectes,

and the goblet shook in his hand so that the wine was spilled and ran down red as blood. The revelers too, looked, and their laughter died away.

Perseus stood frowning with bent brows upon the king, and when he spoke his voice was stern. "Where is my mother, Polydectes?"

Twice the king strove to speak, and twice his voice died away upon his lips. The third time he strove, his voice came tremblingly, in spite of the jeering words: "Ha, foundling! hast thou returned? And hast thou brought me the Gorgon's head?"

"I have returned," answered Perseus, "and I have brought with me the Gorgon's head."

Then the king's heart crumbled within him, but still he strove to brave it out. "That I will believe," he said, "when I have seen it."

"Then behold!" cried Perseus.

With that he drew the Gorgon's head from the goat-skin and held it aloft.

When the king saw it he strove to cry out, but the cry died upon his lips. He strove to rise from his place, but as he strove his arms grew rigid and his face gray. Gray grew all the revelers and the hall became still as death, and Perseus stood alone there holding up the Gorgon's head before a circle of lifeless stones.

Then at last Perseus slipped the head back into the goat-skin, and turning, he left the hall to its grim silence. Through the palace strode the hero, seeking for his mother, and as he went from room to room none dared to stop nor stay him.

And at last in the darkest and meanest room, he found his mother working with the servants. She was grinding millet and her face was thin and wan, and her hands hard-

ened with toil. She looked up from her work as Perseus' shadow fell across her, and in the moment that she saw him, she knew him. She gave a cry that seemed to rend her heart, and her hands dropped weak and nerveless. But Perseus caught her up in his arms and his tears poured down over her face.

Then he bore her out in his arms and to the house of Dictys. But when he looked into her face he thought that she was dead, so white and lifeless did she lie. But she was not dead. She had only fainted with joy.

When she had somewhat recovered Perseus related to her the story of his wanderings, and after that she, too, had her tale to tell. It was a tale of cruelty and injustice. Of how after the son was gone Polydectes had again sought her hand in marriage, and, how when she would not

have it, he had been filled with wrath and hatred and had carried her away and made a slave of her.

As Perseus listened his heart burned, and he swore within himself that never again would he leave his mother unprotected.

After a while Perseus made Dictys king over Seriphos, in the place of Polydectes, and Danae and Perseus, with his wife, dwelt in the palace also, until at last, in the fullness of time, good Dictys died and Perseus reigned in his stead; and the favor of the gods was with them.

"And did Perseus ever leave his mother again?" asked the old grandmother.

"Yes, once more did he leave her," the Wind made answer, gazing thoughtfully at the purring fire on the hearth. "That was when he journeyed to find his people and the land of his birth."

"And cannot you tell me about that?" asked the old crone coaxingly.

But the Wind yawned. "No, no, for that is a long story too, and I am sleepy and tired. Besides it's time you took in your moon."

"That is true," said the grandmother. So she made haste to take in the moon (for it was its time of setting) and pack it away.

Then she and her grandson went to their beds and soon were fast asleep, and darkness settled over the world below.

THE END

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